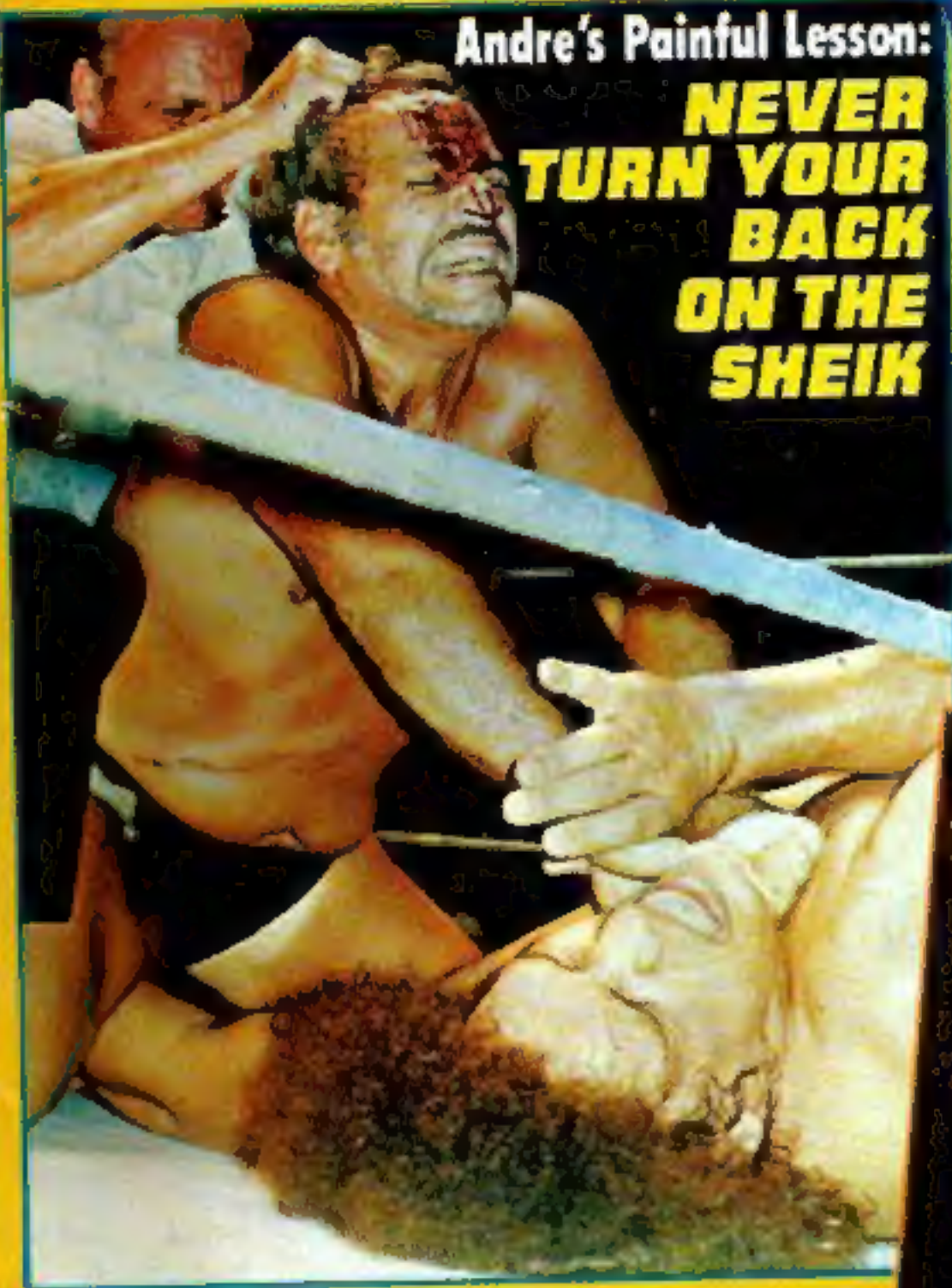


SPORTS REVIEW

March 1977
47817 \$1.00

Wrestling

**WHY THE FANS
CHEERED WHEN DUSTY
RHODES WENT BERSERK**



Andre's Painful Lesson:
**NEVER
TURN YOUR
BACK
ON THE
SHEIK**

**Hansen vs. Putski:
THE SAVAGE FEUD THAT
CAN NEVER END!**

**The Nurse &
The Stewardess
THE APARTMENT
WRESTLING
STRUGGLE
BOTH
VIXENS
HAD TO
LOSE!**



**Special
Bonus:**

APARTMENT WRESTLING PHOTO ALBUM
*A Pictorial Collection Of The Sport's
Most Exciting Women*



OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD WIDE WRESTLING FEDERATION

CHAMPION: BRUNO SAMMARTINO

- 1—STAN STASIAK
- 2—NIKOLAI VOLKOFF
- 3—STAN HANSEN
- 4—BRUISER BRODIE
- 5—IVAN PUTSKI
- 6—TOR KAMATA
- 7—CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW
- 8—VICTOR RIVERA
- 9—BILLY WHITE WOLF
- 10—BOBO BRAZIL

AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

CHAMPION: NICK BOCKWINKLE

- 1—VERNE GAGNE
- 2—BILLY ROBINSON
- 3—PETER MAIVIA
- 4—BARON VON RASCHKE
- 5—BLACKJACK LANZA
- 6—BOBBY DUNCUM
- 7—GREG GAGNE
- 8—MAD DOG VACHON
- 9—JIM BRUNZELL
- 10—CHRIS TAYLOR

MOST POPULAR

- 1—ANDRE THE GIANT
- 2—BRUNO SAMMARTINO
- 3—IVAN PUTSKI
- 4—MIL MASCARAS
- 4—DUSTY RHODES
- 6—WAHOO MCDANIEL
- 7—CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW
- 8—VICTOR RIVERA
- 9—ROCKY JOHNSON
- 10—BRUISER



IVAN PUTSKI



BARON VON RASCHKE

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

CHAMPION: TERRY FUNK

- 1—DUSTY RHODES
- 2—JACK BRISCO
- 3—ROCKY JOHNSON
- 4—BLACKJACK MULLIGAN
- 5—MR. WRESTLING II
- 6—HARLEY RACE
- 7—PAMPERO FIRPO
- 8—FRITZ VON ERICH
- 9—DORY FUNK JR.
- 10—JERRY LAWLER

TAG TEAMS

- 1—THE EXECUTIONERS
- 2—THE ANDERSON BROTHERS
- 3—BOBBY DUNCUM & BLACKJACK LANZA
- 4—THE HOLLYWOOD BLONDS
- 5—CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW & BILLY WHITE WOLF
- 6—BOB BACKLUND & STEVE KEIRN
- 7—PAT PATTERSON & TONY GAREA
- 8—GOLIATH & BLACK GORDMAN
- 9—THE MONGOLS
- 10—GREG GAGNE & JIM BRUNZELL

MOST HATED

- 1—THE SHEIK
- 2—STAN HANSEN
- 3—ABDULLAH THE BUTCHER
- 4—THE ASSASSIN
- 5—NICK BOCKWINKLE
- 6—STAN STASIAK
- 7—BOBBY DUNCUM
- 8—MR. FUGI
- 9—BRUISER BRODIE
- 10—MAD DOG VACHON



ROCKY JOHNSON



THE ASSASSIN



Jones and McDaniel stand ready to do battle as their opponents, Ric Flair and Angelo Mosca, stand in the opposite corner. Paul and Wahoo are having their share of troubles.

WHY PAUL JONES AND WAHOO McDANIEL MUST NEVER TEAM AGAIN

ALL THINGS MUST come to an end. It's a fact of life. Struggling for that extra moment, hoping for luck already long gone, makes even the greatest of athletes seem pathetic. What's true for a single person is also true for teams. Look at Paul Jones and Wahoo McDaniel.

Singly, Jones and McDaniel are still wrestling in top form. They have also shown sparks of greatness while wrestling with new partners. Yet together, they are slowly but surely losing the brilliance that once made them seem assured of the NWA tag team title.

Only the most seasoned observer can spot the tell-tale signs of deterioration. They are subtle, but they're there. Movements no longer glide together gracefully. A rough choppiness is evident. Clumsiness—dangerous clumsiness—is sure to follow. They are doomed if

Two great wrestlers join forces as a tag team. Success results from most of their matches. Yet somehow, it's a success neither man can survive!

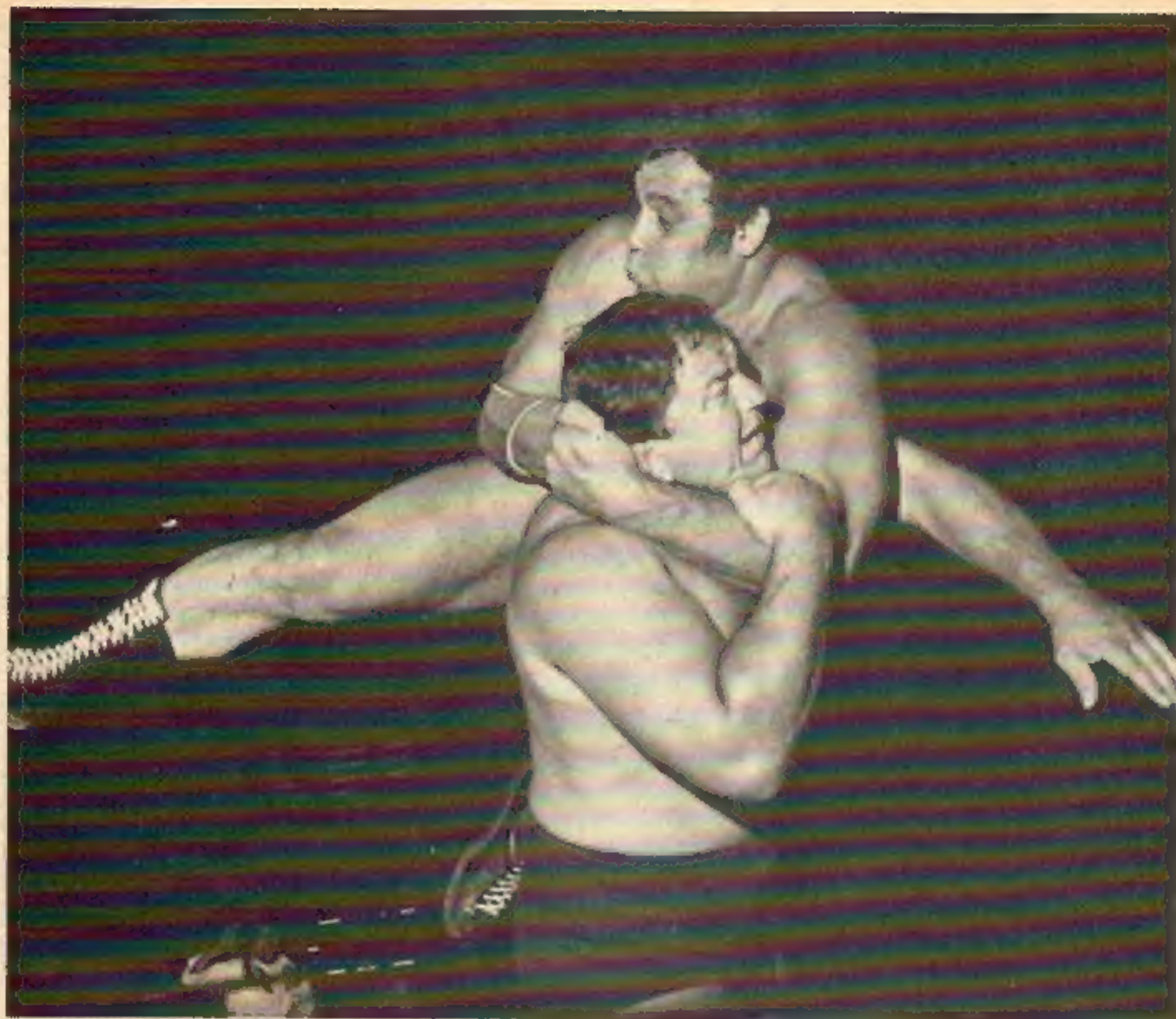
they choose to remain together. Only disaster can accompany their future.

No one knows why tag teams with great potential fall apart after a certain number of matches. Of course, there are many theories as to what occurs, though even the theorists won't claim them as being absolutely true. There's probably a little bit of truth in all the theories. Yet the reason remains beyond comprehension.

"They're getting bored," Jack

Brisco believes, "taking each other for granted. The tension, the sense of progression is gone. They've fallen into a rut, relying on what has worked in the past. Once that happens, a team is finished. I suppose they could get back to the sense of discovery, though I can't think of any other team that has. Well, there's a first time for everything."

Brisco admits to being worried about the consequences if they remain together.



"Either man could wind up crippled," Jack says coldly. "I've seen it happen too many times before. Both men are incredibly vulnerable when they're working together badly. A really cruel tag team, the type those guys wrestle most, can take merciless advantage of them. Right now, I can think of at least three different ways to send them to hospital by preventing a tag-off. If I know this, you can imagine what their opponents know."

"There's one other consequence, more evil than crippling. Most tag teams don't end in the hospital, they end in hatred. It's the sloppy moves that angers men most. In the heat of battle, mistakes become traitorous acts. No one can forgive and forget being battered by a partner's failure, especially when he hasn't failed 100 times before. For some reason, those kinds of

Mosca has a powerful chinlock on Wahoo (above), but the Indian star is about to send him flying. Moments later, Jones comes into action and fails to take up the lead Wahoo left for him (below). It's small things like that which may lead to their doom as a tag team.





Jones wristlocks Flair (above), after Paul finally had his chance to get some licks in for his team. Ric and Mosca sarcastically poke fun at Jones and Wahoo (left) after the match. "We have never seen a more rotten team!" laughed the rulebreaking duo.



feuds are the most bitter. They last forever.

"There would be no sense to a feud between those guys. Professional wrestling needs them both to battle the rulebreakers. A stupid feud would channel off much of their energies. Wrestling can't afford that."

"Right now, they're too good to worry. They haven't gotten really sloppy yet, the mistakes haven't cost them enough. Wait until they begin to hurt. That's when it gets scary. And ugly. You can bet your last dollar it's going to get ugly. And the real loser will be decent wrestling. I wish to God they'd split now, as friends."

Many top wrestlers are echoing Brisco's sentiments. A shudder runs through the wrestling

community every time it hears the pair are in a tag team match. One could almost feel the trembling when a match was announced between Jones and McDaniel against Ric Flair and Angelo Mosca.

"We've heard the rumors," Flair announced, "about McDaniel and Jones not being at their best. Hell, their best was never too good to begin with. All that's happening now is those clowns have ceased to be lucky. They have to exist on skill—and they don't have any! It isn't that they've gone bad, it's that they're as lousy as they ever were."

"I feel sorry for them, though. With that little going for them, they're bound to get hurt. And you know how much I hate to hurt people."

Laughing, Flair went back to his

The maniacal Mosca puts the pressure on Paul's throat as he forces the shutoff of air by pressing Paul's neck onto the ring ropes.

strategy discussions with Mosca. The men couldn't wait to get in the arena. Knowing their opponents were in trouble as a team, Ric and Angelo yearned to bust skulls. It was going to be a riot.

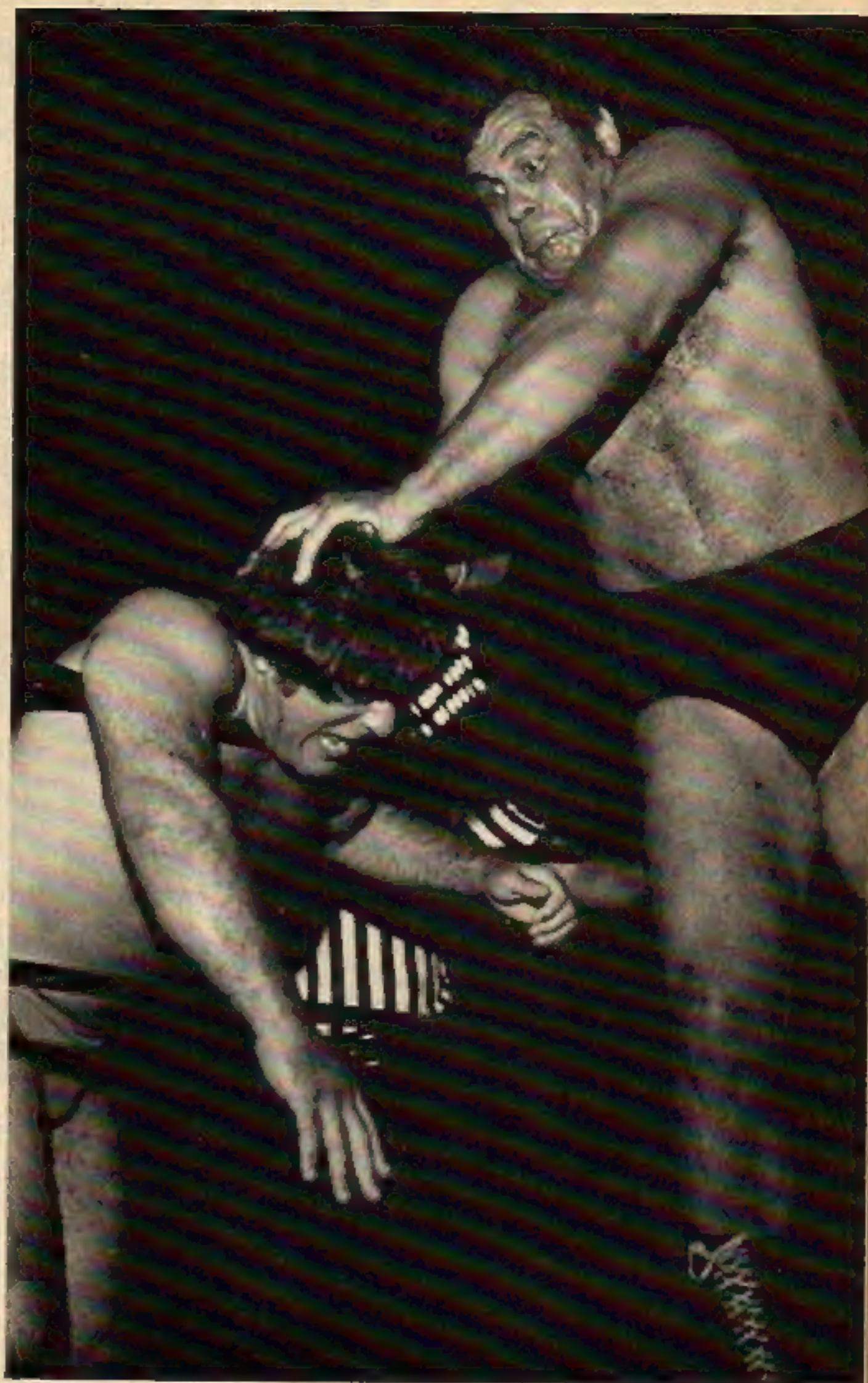
As for Jones and McDaniel, they waited patiently for the match to begin. They had heard what people had been thinking about them. Both men were determined to prove the world wrong. Yet, the knot in their bellies proved they believed part of the stories. Two men were going into battle not sure if they could depend on their partner—or themselves.

The crowd cheered McDaniel and Jones as they entered the field of battle. The two men were plainly nervous. Though Flair and Mosca were greeted with a chorus of boos, that pair looked like children just let go in an amusement park. They couldn't have been happier. Dreams of mangled opponents swam through their brains. It would be a night to remember.

When the bell rang, Mosca and McDaniel smashed into each other. It was a furious brawl. Limbs were wrenched and bones bruised. However, one soon saw it was Mosca who was controlling the all-important position of the struggle. It was Mosca who was able to tag off first, not McDaniel. And that would be the story of the match.

Though Jones and Wahoo proved their abilities, they also demonstrated why their days as a tag team are near ending, if they're smart. The grace in their combined maneuvers was gone. They missed tags and couldn't anticipate when an opponent would be hurled into their corner. Mosca and Flair might have been crude, but that's the style that best suits them. When Paul and Wahoo were crude, it meant disaster.

After eight minutes of the match, McDaniel and Jones had to give up any hope of being a team. It was like two friends helping each other out in a bar brawl, not professionals whose job it was to work together. The brawling spilled over the ropes, and all four were soon sprawled on the concrete. The referee was

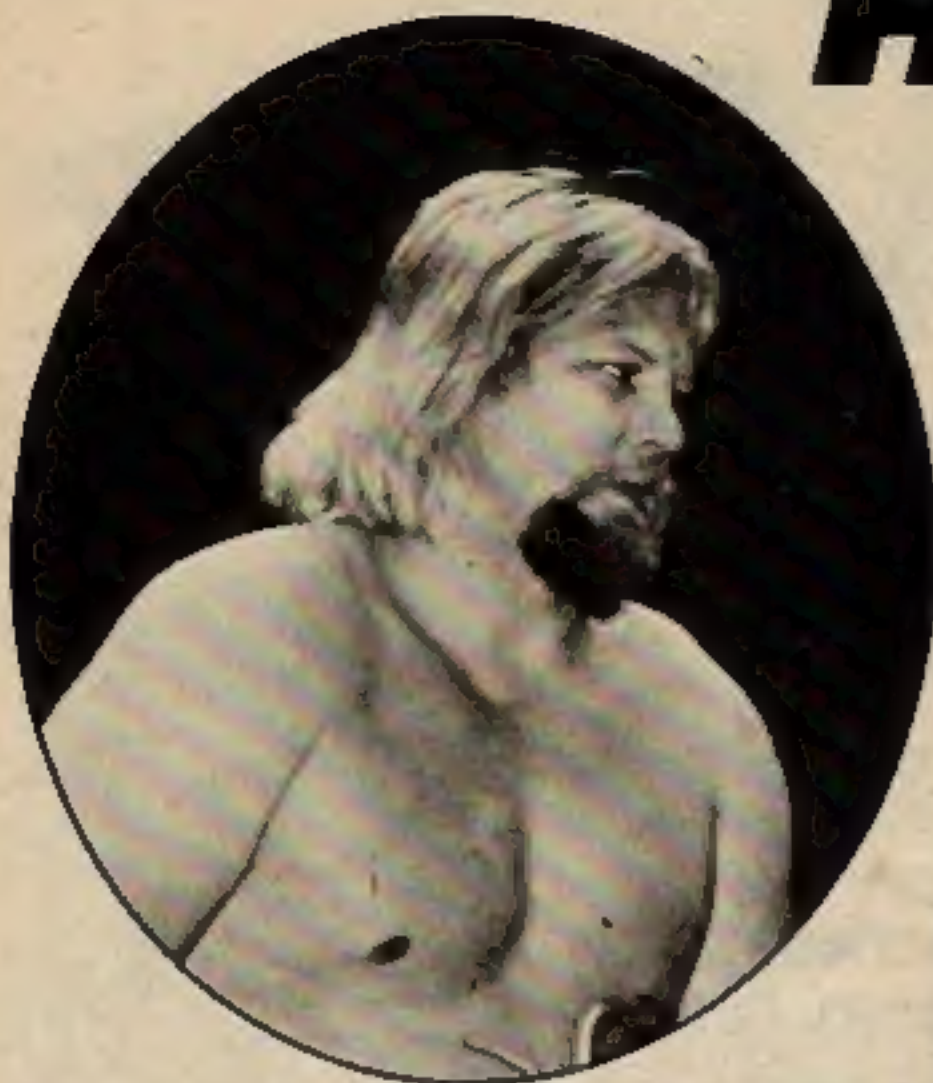


relieved to disqualify both teams and end the savagery.

After the match, Paul and Wahoo refused to see reporters, afraid to answer questions they themselves couldn't face. Both men knew a decision had to be made before disaster tore them apart. Neither man likes to quit, and both like to remember how great it once was. A large consideration is how one can

bring up the subject without hurting the other's feelings. With two proud men, this can be an insurmountable problem.

Time is running out for Paul Jones and Wahoo McDaniel. Every decent person in wrestling hopes they'll succeed. History shows they'll probably fail. The price of failure is a feud that will never die. □



Hansen vs THE SAV FE THAT NEVER

The hatred flows in their veins, eats at their nerves, and dominates their thoughts. Only death can end the dangerously explosive feud between Ivan Putski and Stan Hansen!

PHOTOS BY BILL APTER



Putski grimaces in pain as Hansen hits him in the mid-section. This was one of their most vicious brawls.

TO BE HUMILIATED, to lose face, to be demeaned, disgraced, degraded and shamed—ask Ivan Putski how it feels. He knows all about it. He has been down that lonesome path. He was led there by Stan Hansen. And it was a road Ivan would rather not have traveled.

Of course, there was a time when Ivan harbored no grudge against Stan Hansen. But that was a long time ago, or so it seems, in light of what has happened. But now it seems like the feud between Ivan Putski and Stan Hansen will never die, at least not if the combatants have anything to say about it.

This whole bloody series of battles started when Stan Hansen's famous "lariat" sent WWF champion Bruno Sammartino to the hospital. Up until that time, Ivan had barely even noticed the presence of Stan Hansen in the area. But Putski became quite angered when he heard about Hansen's crippling of his good friend Bruno. He

wanted to do something, so he challenged Stan Hansen to a revenge match—for Bruno's sake.

No one is quite sure why it happened, but Ivan just could not do well against Hansen in that first match. Every tactic he tried seemed to fail. Yet Ivan was still able to fend off defeat—until Hansen used the "lariat" on the unsuspecting Putski.

The Polish wrestler crumpled to the canvas. His whole body seemed to be in pain. His legs could not support his weight. His back seemed frozen in place. Ivan's body had never experienced a shock as traumatic as this. The spectators were stunned as they watched Ivan's body being lifted into a stretcher and taken to the hospital.

Putski spent the next few days lying in a hospital bed. He did not want to see anyone, though many people wanted to come by to wish him a speedy recovery.

In many ways, Ivan was luckier than

S. Putski: SAVAGE BUD CAN END!



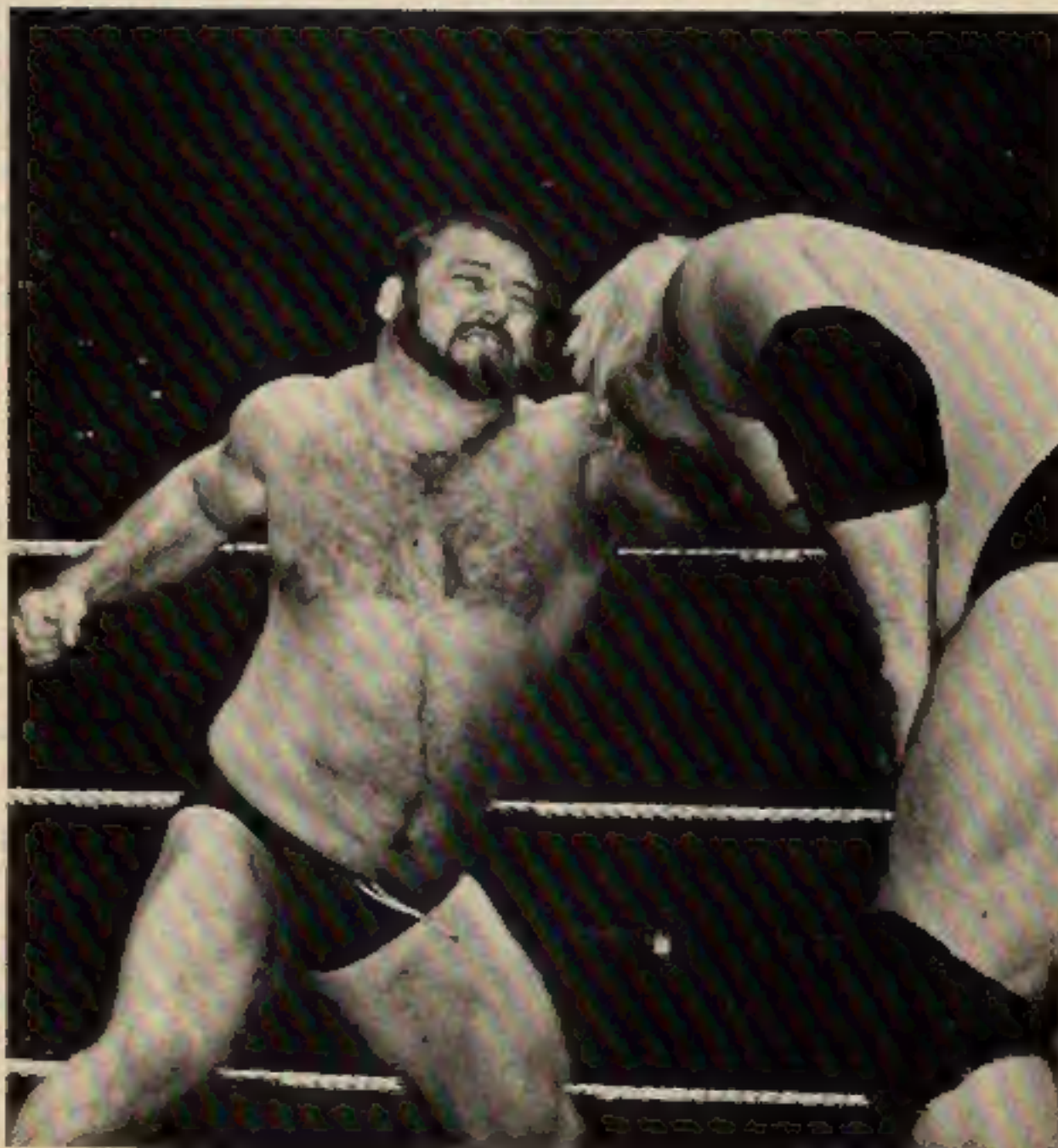
Ivan punches with all his might when he tries to end the match. But the man from Texas has many tricks up his sleeve and will come back battling. Both Ivan and Hansen threw out the rule book for this bout.

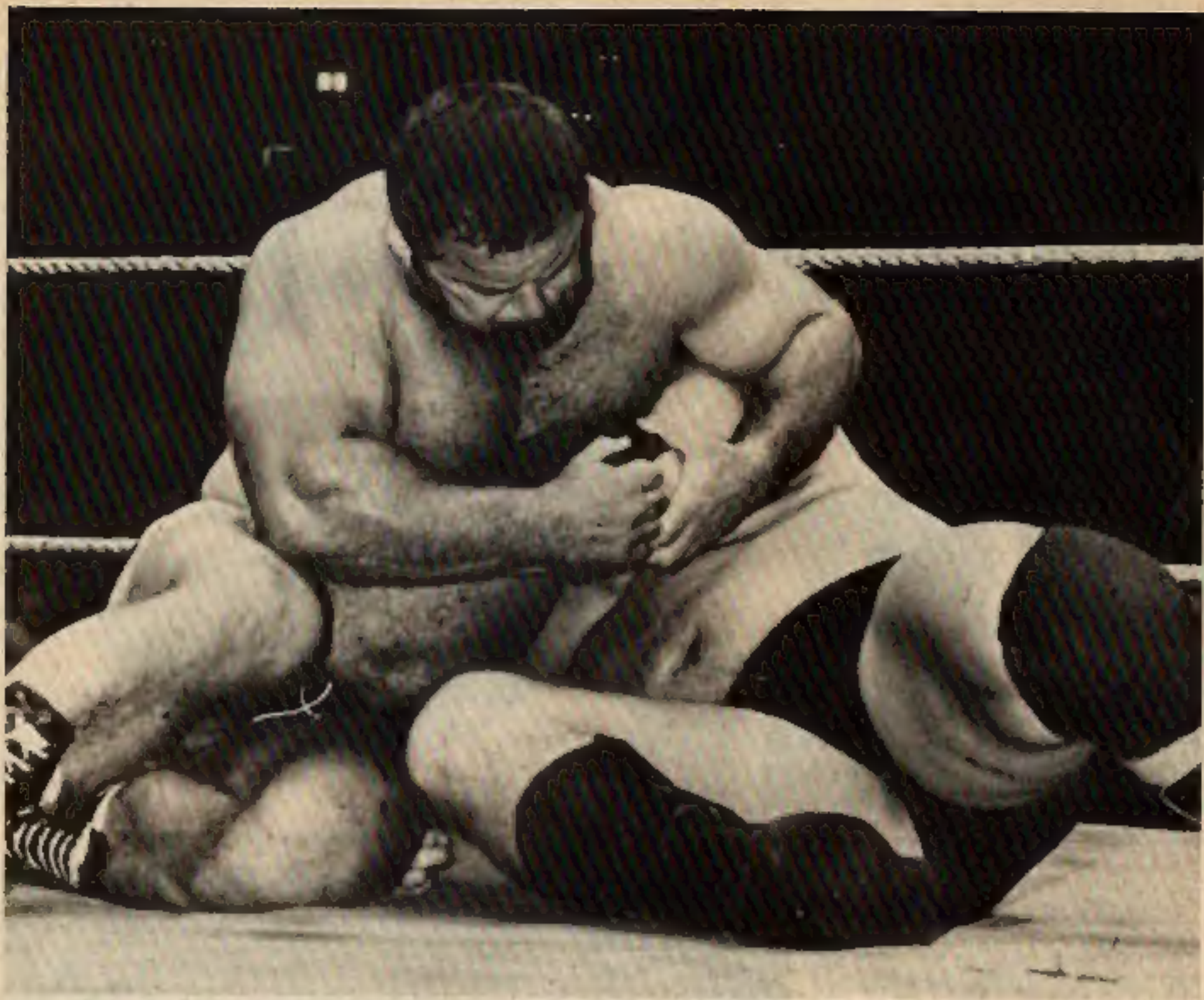
Bruno Sammartino. He had suffered no permanent damage. No bones were broken. Nothing was sprained. And, after a few days of hospital rest, the muscles in his back, which had spasmed after being hit with the "lariat," relaxed. After a week in bed, Ivan was allowed to return to a regular schedule.

But it was very difficult for Ivan to return to wrestling. He had been humiliated in his match against Hansen. He was ashamed to face the fans who had counted on him to exact revenge for Bruno. Putski had not even come close to accomplishing his mission during that match.

Humiliation is a very difficult thing for a man to live with. In extreme cases, it can lead to severe depression and an inability to function properly. Or, it can lead to an intense anger and hatred.

Ivan's humiliation brought out both emotions. At first, Putski was despondent over his loss to Hansen.





Putski tries to remove Hansen's elbow pad but he fails in his attempt to do so (above). Hansen attacks Putski with part of his western outfit before the bell sounds (left). It is just a matter of time before one of these two is very seriously injured.



He felt as if he had let down all the people who had counted on him. For a few days, he even considered quitting wrestling altogether. But this initial reaction did not last too long. Soon, an intense anger grew out of Ivan's despondency. He was angry at himself for allowing one loss to make him think of quitting the sport he loved. But more than that, he was furious at Hansen and what the Texan wrestler had put him through. It was this emotion which was to carry Ivan out of his depression and put him back on the right track.

A new, more intense dedication to the science of wrestling grew in Ivan. He began to train several hours every day, hoping to find that one maneuver which would effectively counter Hansen's "lariat." After several weeks of trial and error, Ivan found what he

was looking for. For the first time in two months, Putski felt totally confident of his skills and of himself. Now it was time to challenge Hansen again.

Bruno had already exacted his revenge from Stan Hansen, so it was not for Sammartino's sake that Putski wanted this match. Rather, he needed it for his own self-satisfaction. He had to prove to himself—and to his fans—he could defeat the man who sent him to the hospital. And he was confident he could do it.

In the meantime, Hansen was not exactly jumping for joy about Ivan Putski either. "I cannot believe," said Hansen, "that two-bit wrestler with the mind of a three-year-old thinks he can beat me. I walked all over him the last time we wrestled. This makes me mad, damn mad. I am not a playtoy with



After smashing Hansen and flooring him with the "Polish Hammer," Ivan explodes in a fit of anger (above), and yells "Get up you bum! I'm going to destroy you!" But it's the other way around (below) as Hansen takes the upper hand and gives Ivan a few punches in the face.



which Putski can play anytime he wants to. I am a superior athlete. I don't have time to fool around with people like Ivan Putski. He bores the hell out of me!

"I don't know why he insists on having this rematch. The same thing is going to happen. He cannot compare to me. All this talk of his being able to counter my 'lariat' is ludicrous. He can't beat me. He will never be able to beat me. He should stop deluding himself in thinking otherwise."

Still, Stan did have a bit of anxiety coming into this match. He knew all too well what a man bent on revenge could do. After all, Bruno Sammartino had savaged Hansen in their match. Putski just might try to do the same. That was something to worry about.

Ivan was also a bit anxious about the match. He had tried and perfected a maneuver to counter the "lariat," but what if it didn't work? What would Ivan do then? He also had something to worry about going into the match.

It should have been realized by all concerned that no ring would be able to confine the battle these two titans would have. It should also have been realized that no one referee would be able to keep the action clean. Indeed, not even two referees could contain this battle.

So furiously did these two men battle that they lost all cognizance of others around them. When the referee tried to step in and separate them, one of the contestants—it is unclear which one—pushed him aside and knocked the man to the canvas, rendering him unconscious. A second referee entered the ring, but he also suffered the same fate.

It took several other wrestlers in the arena to finally bring a halt to this furious contest. And when the first referee came to, he disqualified both men.

Though they were separated, Ivan and Stan still yelled insults at each other. They wanted to finish this battle. The other wrestlers wouldn't allow it. Both men demanded a rematch. Both men wanted a chance to battle to the finish.

But no matter what happens, there can be no final battle between these two men. Too much hatred has been built up. They have too large a score to settle. The die is cast. The feud will continue until one man is permanently injured—or killed!

It is not a day to look forward to, but it is coming. And only on that day will this savage feud cease. □

This scene was Race's most jubilant one. It was the night he won the NWA title from Dory Funk Jr. on May 24, 1973. Now he wants that title back!



THE LONG BLACK airport limousine pulled up in front of the multi-storied glass-walled Atlanta hotel. This building, a symbol of the prosperity of the "New South," was a place where distinguished and respected men stayed and did business while in Atlanta.

Out of the limousine stepped Harley Race, decked out in a black suit with gray pinstripes. He was met at the curb by a group of businessmen, all seemingly anxious to meet with the wrestler. They quickly shuttled him inside to one of the hotel's most exclusive meeting rooms.

The meeting seemed to last for an eternity. Harley listened patiently while the other men outlined their grandiose scheme. They wanted to build one of the largest singles resorts in the country. It would be situated an hour outside of Atlanta. The chances for success on this project looked tremendous. All they needed was a

***It's
Taken
Four
Years:***

**AND NO
IS
CHA**

There are many reasons why a former champion battles to regain a title. For some, it's the end to all their struggles. But for Harley Race, it's only a means to an end; an end you'll be shocked to discover!

little money and an influential name to back them up. That was why Harley had been called to Atlanta.

After a few hours of discussion, the group adjourned for lunch. As is proper, the syndicate of businessmen paid for all of Harley's expenses. They were trying to count his favor; the least they could do was to buy him lunch, no matter what Race ate.

After finishing his third steak Harley addressed the men about the proposition they were offering. "Gentlemen," he began, "I think your idea is one of the best ones I have heard in a long time. It has great potential, shows well-organized planning, and I think it could be one of the greatest projects the 'New South' has ever seen."

"I would love to become involved with this deal. It could make us all very wealthy men, if it succeeds. If you feel I have the prestige and influence to help you in this venture, then I would be glad to join you. However, there is the matter of money. To be frank, I do not have the amount of cash you need on hand. While I do make a considerable amount of money from my wrestling, I do not make the kind of money that, say, a champion makes."

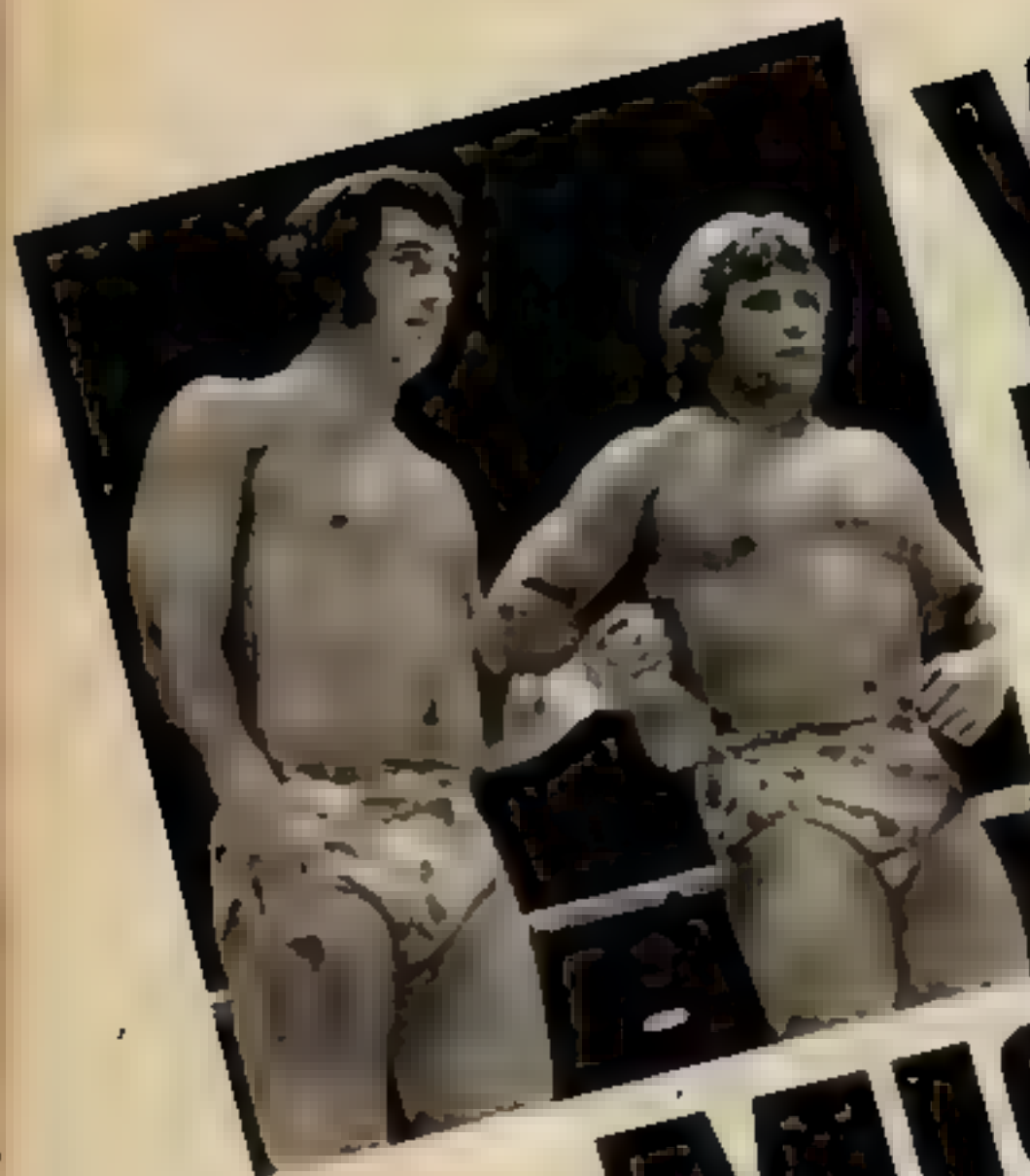
One of the men at the table immediately responded with a statement "Why don't you become champion? After all you were champion once. Why can't you be champion again?"

(Continued on page 50)



Harley Race smashes his fist into the forehead of Mark Lewin. Race is taking on all comers in his attempt to regain the NWA title. He has started to campaign all over the NWA area, and currently has one of the most recent steady winning streaks notched up for him.

OW HARLEY RACE READY TO BE CHAMPION AGAIN!



YOUNG MEN ON A MISSION

PHOTOS BY BOB RUIZ

Jim Brunzell and Greg Gagne are what the sport of wrestling should be all about: honest, scientific, and dignified. They are also ambitious. This pair is sworn to win the AWA tag team championship!

THE TAG TEAM match was only a few minutes old when two spectators walked out in disgust. Jim Brunzell and Greg Gagne had seen this type of tag team wrestling too many times before.

Brunzell and Gagne are young, innovative, and imaginative. Not satisfied with the usual tag team methods, they yearn to make this facet of the sport many times more complex and exciting. They look upon even the greatest of tag teams as primitive embarrassments that will be laughed at

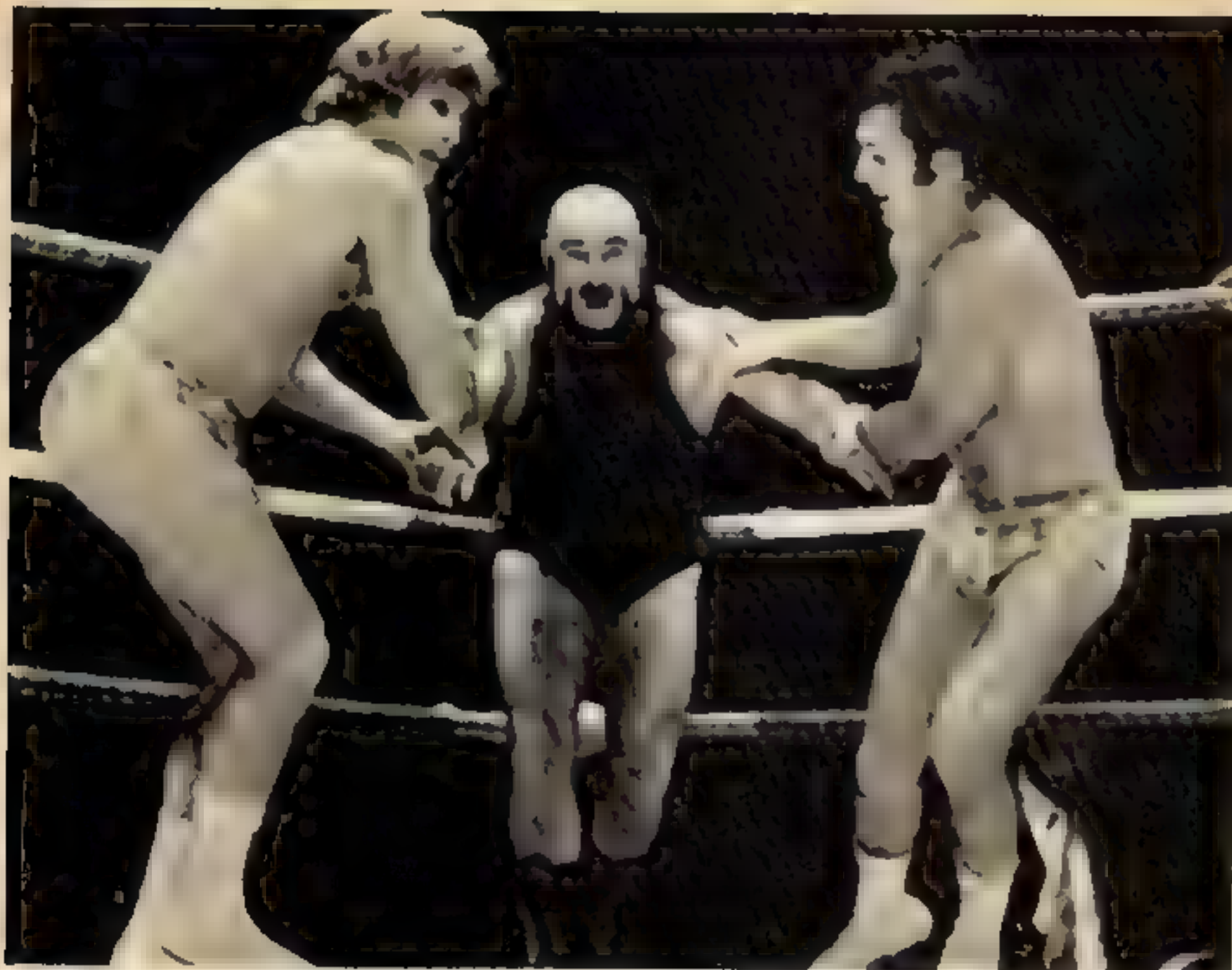
in 10 years as hopelessly clumsy and simple.

After listening to them and watching them train, one suspects they may be right. And seeing their excitement as the expansion of tag team frontiers is discussed, one knows only good can come from their unique experiments.

"It's incredible," Gagne exclaims, "how simple most teams are! You would think they'd get bored with themselves after two matches. Guys who've been together for years must have melted brains. Do you realize there hasn't been a real innovation in tag team wrestling for over 20 years! You can't name another sport with that horrible a record. Solo wrestling



Jacques Goulet is trapped in a painful headlock applied by the ever-improving young Greg Gagne.



Gagne and Brunzell have learned to be rough when the occasion calls for it. When did you see two guys who stick by the rules doubleteam a vicious rulebreaker like Mad Dog Vachon (above). Greg and Jim will go that route and do it well if necessary. Bobby Duncum falls as the flying feet of Greg Gagne do damage to the man from Texas (below).

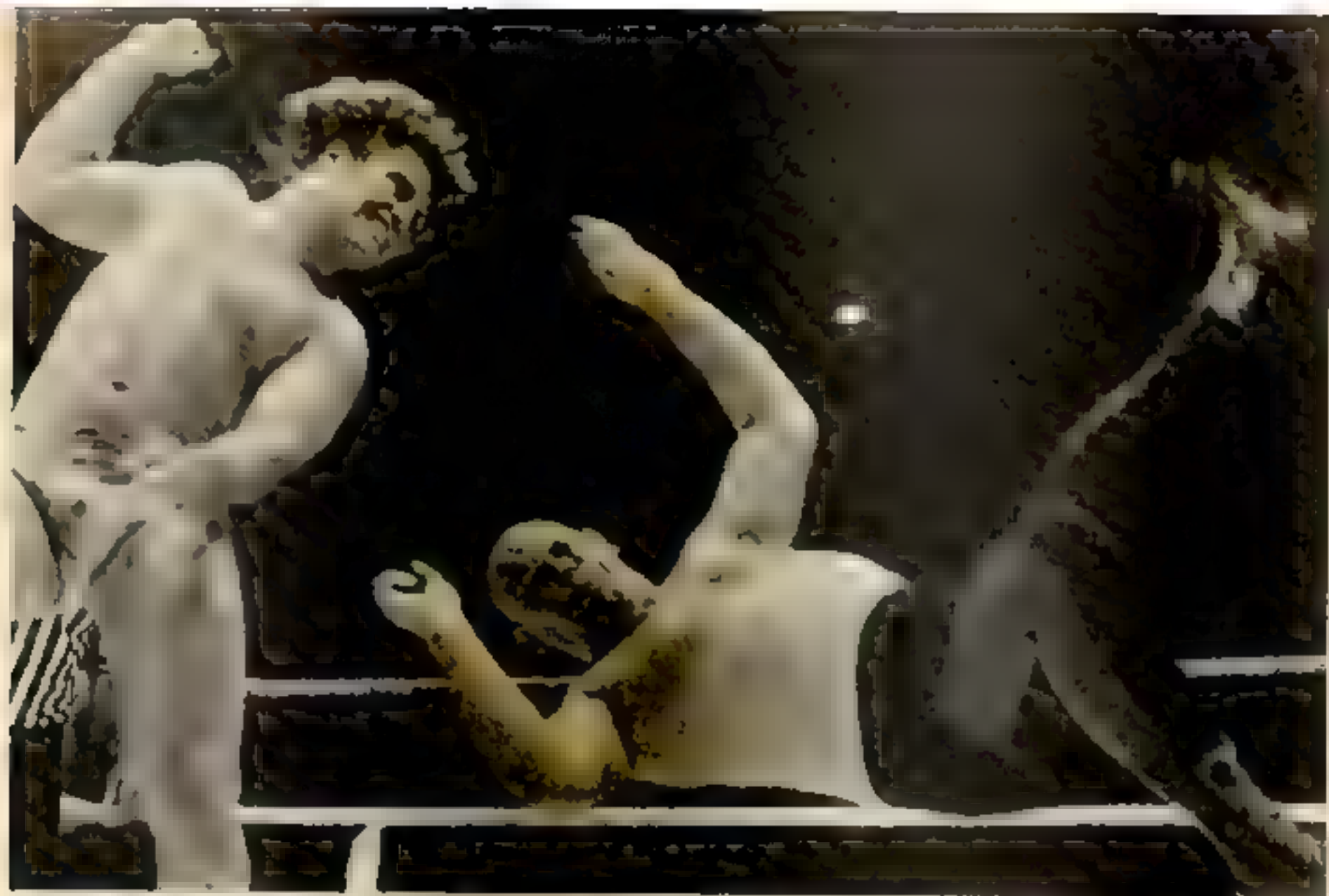


has continued to grow. It has become better and more exciting. The whole concept of tag team wrestling just lies there. People are looking at it all wrong."

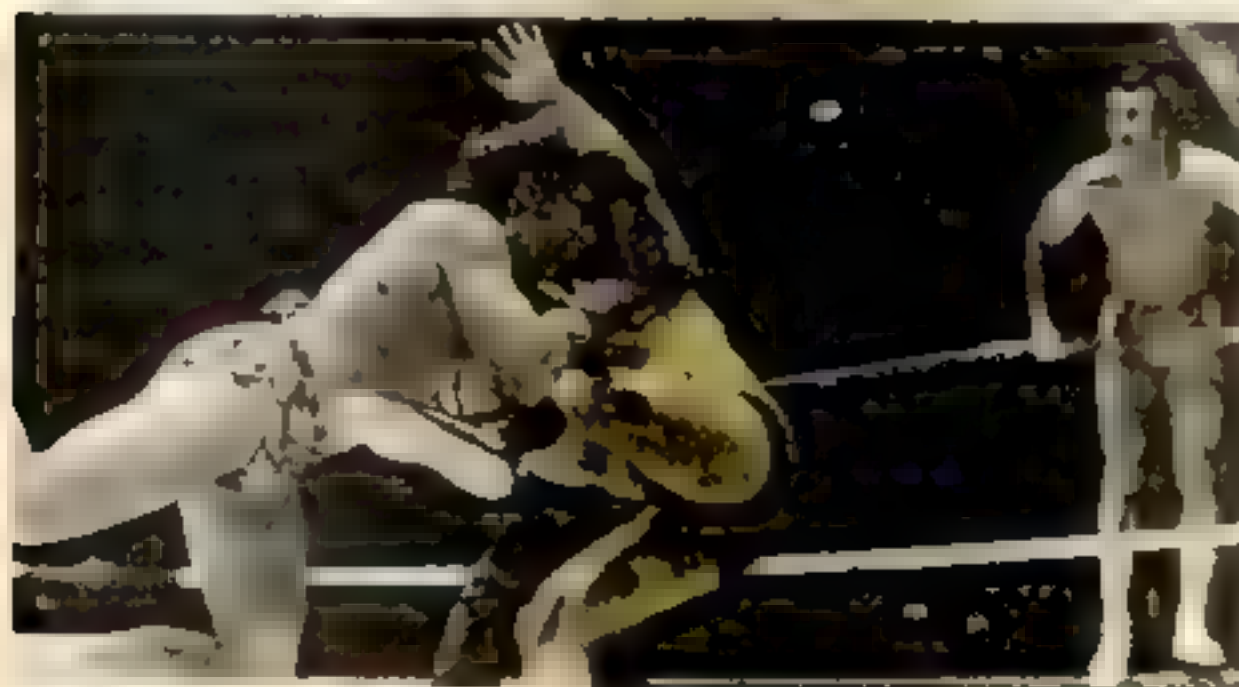
"It's like this, Jim believes, "in tag team wrestling, too much emphasis is on the individual. Even the best teams aren't really 'teams' in the true sense of the word. All they are really are two individuals who seem to work together well. There's no reason for a tag team unless the team is better than the two individuals who comprise it. If you're as good alone as you are in a team, why bother being part of a team?"

"We're going to gain something from being a team. I want people to say, 'Together, those guys are better than they could ever be alone. How is that possible?' It's possible because we're trying to be a team! And we're thinking like a team!"

It may be exciting, but it's also very tough. The men figure 90% of what they attempt fails. It's all new and frustrating. Ideas spring from fertile brains only to be dismissed when they fail to live up to the pair's high standards. Most people would be



Jim Brunzell backdrops the animalistic Baron Fritz Von Raschke (above) Bobby Heenan gets a ramming from Jim (below) as Heenan decides to join Duncum and Von Raschke against the "High Fliers"



discouraged by the incessant failure, painful mistakes, and days wasted Greg and Jim are not like most people

"A lot of people look at what we're doing," Greg says, "and wonder why we bother with only a 10% chance of success. Hell, most great discoveries take thousands of attempts. We're striking paydirt one out of every 10 times. That's remarkable."

"The trouble with wrestlers today is that they're mentally lazy. So accustomed are they to traditional methods, they don't even consider there might be better ways. We're finding the better ways by building on

the past. We're looking to other sports for ideas, and even researching unrelated areas like aerodynamics and psychology. So far, we've found a few interesting ideas that still need to be adapted correctly. But the answers are out there if we just keep looking."

"If we're successful," Brunzell adds, "tag team wrestling will be completely changed in a decade. It will be a lot more complex and much more exciting. We're explorers searching out new frontiers."

What brought this pair to attempt these explorations?

"We both knew there was something

missing in tag team wrestling," Jim relates, "but didn't know anyone who agreed with the idea. I was in a dressing room with Greg, explaining my theories to another wrestler. He listened for a couple of minutes and then pointed me toward Greg, saying 'That guy's just as crazy as you.'"

"He was right," Greg adds, "I am just as crazy. After our matches, he went to a restaurant and talked for hours. We didn't stop until the sun came up. And we were partners."

We'd been working on similar ideas separately, not really believing anyone else really cared. I couldn't believe Jim existed, thinking the same thoughts I did. And we had known each other since college! Though I'd been up all night after our meeting I rushed home and developed more strategies."

"It's a lot better," Jim concurs, "when you can think of a specific person as your partner. Once I knew Greg was with me, I could design things that would take advantage of Greg's abilities. Also, two heads are always better than one. It's much easier when another mind is helping solve problems and adding ideas."

"Within a year," Jim declares, "we'll be tearing the AWA apart. They won't know what hit them. No tag team in the world will get near us."

Welcome to the era of Greg Gagne and Jim Brunzell. It promises to be one very exciting time. □

WHY THE FANS CHEERED WHEN DUSTY RHODES WENT BERSERK



PHOTOS BY DON DELEON

Most of the time, uncontrolled savagery is inexcusable. But on one special night, the unforgivable brought Dusty Rhodes to most astonishing victory of his entire career!

RHODES AND STEVENS—they were friends once. But that was many years ago. Things change. People change. Nothing stays the same.

Yet don't try to convince Ray Stevens that things don't stay the same. He could argue—quite easily—that the more things change, the more they stay the same. Just look at Dusty Rhodes, and what he did to Ray

There was a time when Dusty and Ray were friends in the same association. Their styles were similar—ruthless, brutal, and bloody. They were among the most hated rulebreakers in the sport. Though they never teamed together, they admired each other.

But Dusty mended his ways. He sought to become a fan favorite. He needed to hear cheers instead of boos.

And for the most part, he succeeded in his venture. He became "The American Dream," and wrestling fans everywhere loved him for it.

Ray Stevens never saw any reason to change his ways. He enjoyed being a rulebreaker. He seemed to thrive on using less-than-legal tactics on helpless opponents. Therefore, Ray could never understand why Dusty had gone

(Continued on page 52)

When Terry Funk took his NWA title to Japan, no one was quite sure what would happen. Even the wildest prediction, however, was beggared by the remarkable events of a stay no one will ever forget!

PHOTOS BY KOICHI YOSHIZAWA

NOW TERRY FUNK IS CHAMPION OF ALL THE W



THE TELEGRAM FROM NWA headquarters read: "You have 60 days in which to defend your title against Baba the Giant and Tommy Tsuruta in Japan. If you fail to do so we will declare your title vacant and have a tournament to name a new champion."

Terry Funk read the telegram over and over again. Who were they to tell him how to be champion? What if he didn't feel like going to Japan in two months. They would take away his title, that's what.

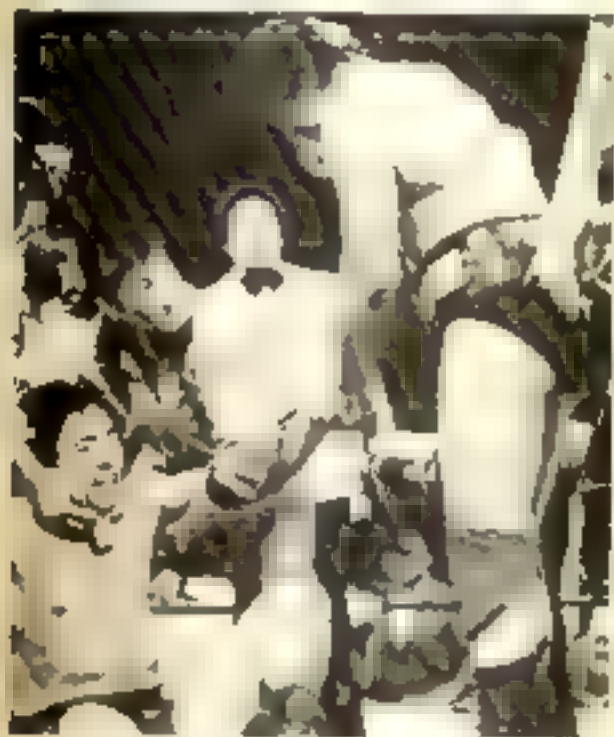
Funk had been hesitating to venture into Japan, remembering what had happened to ex-champion Jack Brisco on his last visit. Brisco had lost the belt

to Baba though he had won it back a week later. Jack had come back complaining of referees favoring the Japanese stars, crowds mercilessly screaming in a language he didn't understand (though their hatred for him was obvious), and the lonely despair after losing. Terry didn't look forward to any of it.

Also, Terry had heard reports regarding Tommy Tsuruta's improvement. The wrestler was said to be much better than when he wrestled in the United States. A coach had given him some quite useful advice, thus making him that much more effective. Many claimed Tommy was now more dangerous than Baba the



Tsuruta comes off the ropes and Terry tries to trap him in a bearhug (above). The match is all over (left), and the NWA king is awarded a trophy (left). He congratulates the beaten Tsuruta (below) for a great match.



WORLD!

Giant. To make that claim believable, it was reported Baba was purposely avoiding Tsuruta, a course any wrestler who wished to keep his title would do well to imitate.

All in all, Funk would rather have gone to any place but Japan. Still, he didn't have much choice. The disgrace of being unceremoniously stripped of the title was really no choice at all. He was compelled to go to Japan, no matter how much he hated the idea. When he came back, Terry Funk would either be a world champion or an ex-champion. Terry was on a jet for Japan 38 days before the deadline set by the NWA.

The first scheduled match pitted

Terry against Tommy Tsuruta. The crowd filled the arena to the rafters. Shouts from the spectators nearly split the eardrum. An American observer couldn't understand what they were saying, but he breathed a sigh of relief the insults weren't directed at him. Funk didn't want a translation, fearing it was probably worse than he imagined.

When the two men entered the arena, every fan was on his feet. Tsuruta grinned from ear to ear, rather delighted with life. This was the moment he had been waiting for all his life, the moment when all the years of training and sacrifice would pay off. Every fan in the arena had heard

Tommy's pronouncements before the match and hoped they were predictions.

"Funk didn't want to come to Japan," Tommy had exclaimed, "and I'm flattered he fears me. These past six months have been the best of my life. Everything has finally come together for me, physically and mentally. I'm at my wrestling peak with a chance for the title. The people of Japan, my people, deserve a title I want to win it for them." Tommy smiled happily before concluding, "I also want to win it for me. Yes, I'd like to be champion!"

The personable young man received a standing ovation when introduced



before the match. Funk was greeted with a chorus of boos, needing no translation. From the opening moments, however, Terry proved himself a champion. And even Tsuruta at his peak couldn't do anything to change that.

Not to say it wasn't a tough defense for Funk, it was perhaps the toughest of his reign. Tsuruta enjoys a vast repertoire of wrestling maneuvers. His complex strategies would have most wrestlers confused and desperate. Though all of Funk's counter-maneuvers weren't strictly legal, they all were effective. And that's what counts, especially in a championship match.

Funk needn't have feared the

Japanese referees. They were scrupulously honest. They let Terry get away with some questionable moves that most American referees would have warned him about. They gave the champion every chance and threatened him only when forced.

The match lasted for close to 30 minutes, had an hour of furious action prevailed. Tsuruta went from being confident to determined to desperate. His chance of a lifetime was slipping away. All his strategies were proving fruitless. The young man became frustrated, wild, and ineffectually reckless. The crowd's mood went from celebratory to worried. They sensed this would not be their night of triumph.



Baba snares Terry in an abdominal stretch (left). The brawl is taken outside the ring (below) as Baba is ready to bash Terry's head into a hard press table. A perfect suplex by Tommy Tsuruta (above) almost meant the end for the NWA champion.





Funk returns the favor by using a suplex slam on Tsuruta (above). Tsuruta tries for another suplex (below far left), but Terry's resistance is just too much for the Japanese star. Getting Tsuruta in position for a surfboard (below left) was not too difficult for Terry once he wore his opponent down and took full advantage of the situation.



And in the end, Terry retained his title. It was a brutal triumph, the sweetest type of victory for Funk.

"When I get back to the States," Terry shouted at Tsuruta, "I'll tell them just how good you are! And I'll tell them how you're not good enough!"

Tsuruta didn't answer. He was trying so hard to hold back the sobbing choking his throat.

Back in the dressing room, Terry told reporters, "One down, one to go. Baba is going to learn I'm no Jack Brisco. Terry Funk is no chump. I

destroyed Tsuruta and Baba is next. Tell him he can forfeit the match and save himself the humiliation. I'm not a mean champion."

Of course, Baba didn't forfeit the match. Having once worn the NWA belt, even though it was only for one week, makes a man need to wear it again. Baba wanted the title back more than anything else in the world.

A week after wrestling Tsuruta, Terry battled Baba. It's astonishing the champion could be in two tough matches in that short a time and survive much less triumph. Yet, that's

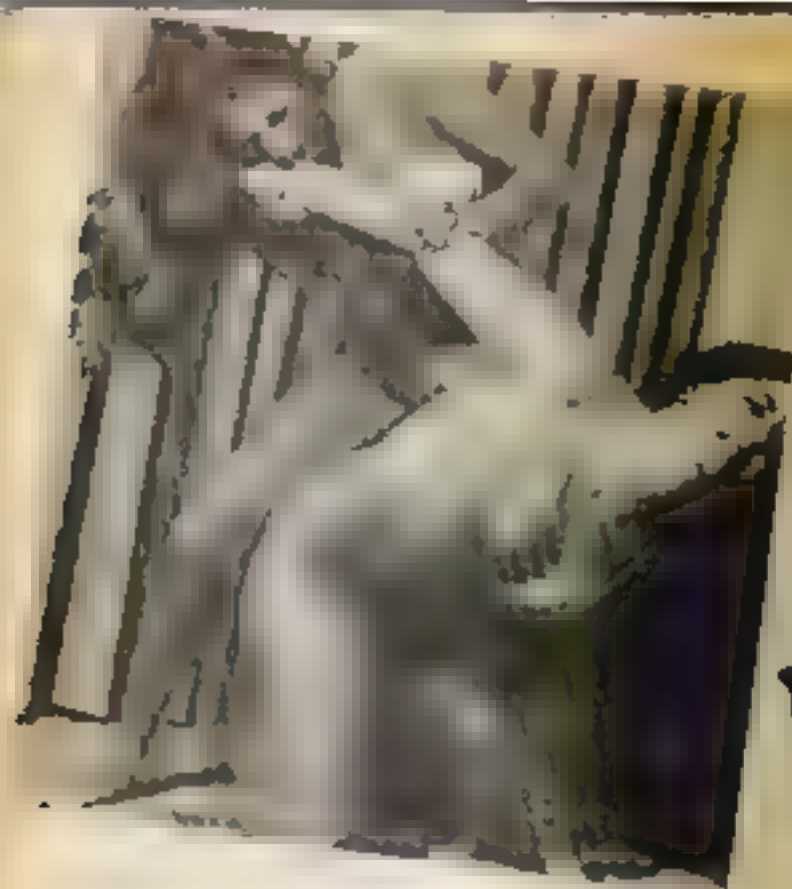
exactly what Terry accomplished!

From the beginning, Funk was on the warpath. The aggressor at all times, Terry never let Baba get set. The gargantuan grappler tried every trick in the book to stop the champion's assault and failed. Terry was riding high and a tornado couldn't interfere!

It was a rough match. Again the rules took the soundest beating of all. Again, the Japanese referees were more than fair. Even if he had failed to win, Funk couldn't complain about their judgement. In the end, Terry couldn't complain about anything. He'd retained the title. Baba had put up a valiant struggle, but it was not enough.

Once again, Terry's victory speech was less than gracious as he shouted at his beaten foe. "Now cry to the commission you're not good enough to be champion! Think up another excuse to steal my title, loser!"

The next day, Terry and the NWA belt jetted back to the United States. The trip Funk was forced to make had ended. Terry was now the undisputed champion. That's all the commission wanted. That's just what the championship needed. □



Above: Jenny has Camille in a painful armlock, while at the same time sinking her teeth into the nurse's flesh. Below: Jenny moans in agony as Camille twists the stewardess' right arm in an effort to make her quit.



The Nurse The Stewardess THE APARTMENT WRESTLING BOTH HAD TO

THE TWO WOMEN grunted and groaned as they rolled around the spacious penthouse floor, pitting every ounce of strength and energy against each other. Rarely had the avant garde crowd seen anything like it.

The floor shook every time one of the women crashed down on it. Many of the male spectators wore a pained expression whenever one of the young women did so.

On the surface, through the eyes of the tuxedoed elite, a spectacle took place, an athletic event—the newest and most popular sporting craze in America—known simply as Apartment Wrestling. It has become the symbol of the 1970s.

Apartment Wrestling symbolizes the wedding of the erotic and athletic. It is two women battling to the finish in a way that only women can. It is for the most competitive females in the world. The two women in this particular match, Jennifer (known to her friends as Jenny) and Camille, were as

Success in apartment wrestling brings a woman fame and glory, the admiration of the world's most powerful people. So why did two stunning beauties battle furiously—for failure?

urse & ewardess PARTMENT STRUGGLE VIXENS LOSE!



Above: Although Camille appears to be in trouble here, she was able to use her strength to work free. Below: Pretty Jenny is in obvious pain as Camille tugs on her leg.

ferce competitors as Apartment Wrestling has ever seen

Jenny had never lost in athletic competition and that includes several apartment struggles against larger, faster, and stronger women. To those who follow Apartment Wrestling closely, Jenny was rapidly becoming a legend.

Her opponent, Camille, was a well-endowed specimen of femininity with every bit as much heart as Jenny. To Camille, D-E-F-E-A-T was a word she wasn't familiar with. Defeat was something Camille handed to other women.

That one word, that two syllable sound so familiar to the negative thinkers of this world, was to play a major role in this match, however. For in this match, although each woman would give everything she had to give—until she had nothing more to offer—defeat was something each young beauty secretly hoped for. Deep inside her heart, Camille wanted to lose. Deep within that fiery heart of Jennifer lay the secret desire to be defeated. Like a dormant volcano, expected never to awaken again and destroy all within its path, the desire to lose was stirred by the inescapable

happenings in each woman's daily life.

Jenny was an airline stewardess. She enjoyed her job as a "glorified waitress," as she called it. Running up and down the aisles of today's luxury superjets, she liked to think

she covered more miles than the aircraft being flown. All the running, bending, reaching and lifting served as Jenny's training. It kept her stomach flat, and her velvety legs—legs that would stay





Camille, with a hold on Jenny's right leg (above) topples the stewardess after catching one of her powerful kicks. The sheer power of Camille (below) has Jenny screaming in agony. Her screams sent chills down the spines of onlookers



in a passenger's mind for weeks after he departed the aircraft—trim, lithe, and ultra-desirable

Being a stewardess is not half as glamorous as the job has been made out to be over the years. It is boring, tedious, hard labor. But to Jenny, who loves the company of and waiting on and serving other people, the job is fun. Over the years, Jenny has found that she can manipulate any man as if he were silly putty. Being a stewardess, Jenny has found she is subject to many a grumpy businessman, who expects to be waited on hand and foot. For him, lovely Jennifer has an extra supply of charm. Hardly a man who has



The attractive stewardess takes to the air as she prepares to land with both feet on Camille's stomach (above). The nurse took the blow better than most women could have

been exposed to it hasn't been reduced to a quivering little boy within minutes

On many occasions Jennifer must reach over two people in order to serve a person sitting in a window seat. As she reaches her already short skirt rides up even higher than the 35,000 feet she is working at. Necks stretch and crane all the way down the aisle to get a glimpse of her. The more they saw, the more they wanted to see

Each man became his own quiet rooting section as more and more of Jenny became visible. How well she realized this, but it's all part of being a stewardess. Anyhow Jenny was proud of what nature gave her, and if the male passengers on board enjoyed their flight that much more by looking at her then let them look, she figured.

"They see more of me in a bathing suit at the beach," Jenny chuckled to herself as she thought of the wild fantasies that must be racing through every man's head. A sly smile creased her moist, soft lips as she turned and went on to the next passengers.

As the huge jet prepared for landing, it flew over a large metropolis hospital. In the emergency room, a doctor shouted to a nurse, "Camille, hook this guy up to an intravenous line immediately!" Swiftly, professionally, and without taking a moment to think, Camille, a well-endowed brunette, scurried about the emergency room gathering the needed life-support equipment. Several other nurses scampered to and fro but they all looked like amateurs compared to Camille. They also looked like little girls when compared to Camille. She was so full of energy, loveliness—and womanhood.

After a while, the crisis over and the patient's life saved, the doctor took Camille's hand and said, "Thanks, doll. I couldn't have done it without you. Come on, I'll buy you a cup of coffee."

As they eat in the hospital cafeteria drinking coffee and talking, the doctor said, "You know, Camille, you're an amazing woman. Is there anything you can't do?" The two shared a tender laugh. Then he added, "Are you up for another challenge this weekend? I know of a woman they say is unbeatable."

"I?" snapped Camille, with emphasis on the word, "am unbeatable. Not her!" Then she said, "However, I'm afraid I've got to curtail my apartment wrestling activities. I'm getting to be quite

(Continued on page 58)



Above: Jenny bites her lip as she strains to bring Camille's arm back. Below: Once again Camille displays her awesome power as she bends lovely Jenny back with little effort.



Andre's
Painful
Lesson:



**NEVER TU
BACK ON**



Andre turns his back (left, opposite page) and Sheik wallops him with a chair. Although he's a bloody mess, Sheik easily chokes Andre (left). A disgusted Andre (above) is winner by disqualification.

THE PAST YEAR has been a very trying time for Andre the Giant. He has been through experiences that would drive other men over the edge. Yet Andre has survived it all.

He has gone through a period of near-psychosis, when his associates were afraid to go near him for fear of what he might do or say. He has become a television star, making guest appearances on "The Six Million Dollar Man," "The Mike Douglas Show," and others. Andre became famous throughout the world after his stunning defeat

of boxer Chuck Wepner. He has been through some of the most brutal matches in wrestling history against some of the most notorious rulebreakers in the sport.

Yet Andre has triumphed over travail, and he has done so with dignity. Even in his setbacks—and there have been a few—Andre has shown a rare form of courage.

Many men, when they reach a lofty position in life, suddenly feel free to rest on their laurels. They believe they reached the top rung on that ladder of success, and now they

can rest. But Andre is not like these men. He still sees new worlds to conquer. There are higher mountains to climb. He cannot give up the struggle until the day he scales the highest high.

And so it was no wonder Andre the Giant opted to challenge The Sheik to a match on his home turf. Andre did not have to wrestle Sheik. He could easily have chosen to ignore the notorious wrestler. But Andre could not do that. Sheik represents all that is bad in wrestling. And Andre wants him out of the sport.

Andre the Giant has now learned what every wrestler must know to survive. It's one of the most painful lessons in wrestling. One's life depends on never forgetting it.

WIN YOUR THE SHEIK

PHOTOS BY KEVIN KRON



Sheik was eager to accept Andre's challenge. He saw Andre as a victim—albeit a large one—who he had beaten once before. But that was a long time before Andre had survived his trial of this past year.

To prepare for this match, Andre went into intensive training sessions. He knew exactly what he needed to do in order to defeat this hated wrestler once and for all.

There were certain maneuvers—both legal and otherwise—which would be instrumental in bringing about the defeat of Sheik. By the time Andre had finished training, he had mastered every tactic—except one.

For Andre, quite a bit depended on the outcome of this particular match. First of all, he wanted to prove he could defeat Sheik, a feat

he had not been able to do before. But even more important than that, he wanted to prove to the fans—and to himself—that he was a worthy contender for a championship belt.

Defeating Sheik would be the thing he would need to accomplish in order to get more title shots. If a wrestler can beat a man as ruthless as the Sheik, he can withstand the punishment any other wrestler



The referee takes Sheik by the hair (left) and tries to get him off of Andre. The Sheik loses more blood (above) as the match nears the end. Andre is now in the process of trying to get a return match against Sheik. But now the Arab is not too anxious for that to come about.

certainly isn't worried about Andre the Giant. His size doesn't scare my man in the least. And why should it? You know what they say, 'The bigger they are, the harder they fall.'

'Believe me, Andre will fall, and very hard!'

Andre the Giant was of a different opinion. "I believe I will win," he explained. "I know now what is necessary to defeat a man like The Sheik. I know I can do it."

"It has been a long time since I wrestled against The Sheik. I lost that one because I was foolish enough to believe he would not use illegal tactics. I will not make that mistake again. This time, I think I am prepared for the worst he can do. This time, Sheik will not win!"

The pressures placed upon Andre that night must have been tremendous. He knew all too well what was at stake in this match. And for good reason, he was rather nervous. On the other hand, Sheik and Creatchman were quite calm about the match that was about to happen. They knew they could win legally or illegally—it didn't make

any difference. However, they hid a pencil in Sheik's boot, just to make sure.

Just before the match started, the tension pent up in Andre's body was obvious to close observers. As soon as the bell rung, the gargantuan wrestler lunged at his opponent. But Sheik had foreseen this move. He had taken the pencil out from his boot, and quickly retreated from the charging Andre, who went crashing to the canvas.

Sheik immediately stepped in and began to jab away at Andre's back. The Giant quickly spun around and grabbed Sheik's arm, forcing the hated wrestler to drop the pencil. Andre seized the weapon and began using it on Sheik. Before anyone knew what was happening, Sheik's entire forehead had been bloodied.

Andre scrambled to his feet and began his real assault on Sheik. Within minutes, Andre had subdued his opponent considerably. Sheik realized he needed help, and fast. He spotted Eddie Creatchman outside the ring, and fled through

(Continued on page 54)

could give out. So that was the question for Andre: Even though he was stronger in character and had improved his wrestling skills, could he defeat Sheik and thus qualify for more title matches?

Eddie Creatchman, Sheik's manager, did not think so. "It's funny," he said, "that Andre wants to wrestle Sheik now. My man has never been better. And Sheik

Special Bonus:

APARTMENT WRESTLING PHOTO ALBUM

Due to an unprecedented demand, the most excitingly erotic photos of apartment house wrestling have been collected for this special photo album, one to be kept for many years and sure to become a collector's treasure!



A crude karate kick to Gail's belly momentarily staggers the voluptuous combatant. Kyla's ferocity, abetted by ambition and desperation, exploded into a savage exhibition of wrestling brutality. However, Gail proved herself equal to the task, and equal in desperate cruelty.



Marguerita's powerful arms, borne of necessity in her harsh gypsy past, grip Tiffany's neck until the heiress thinks her alabaster throat will surely be torn. This animal violence is typical of the brawls between these very different but primitively equal young beauties.



Cynara the legendary apartment wrestling champion, has her hair pulled and throat choked by Ninotchka, a Russian emigre who enjoyed a brief notoriety in apartment house wrestling. Ninotchka's hopes of defeating Cynara were shattered when the blonde reversed the hold and captured a stunning victory



Gloria screams in pain as Valerie's lithe legs crush her in scissors lock. The exquisite beauties have engaged in many exciting bouts over the years battles remembered for their reckless ferocity. These two exquisite young beauties are favorites in both New York and Los Angeles.



Antoinette, her legs being mercilessly twisted by Cecily, grabs at her blonde tormentor's hair. The Canadian gamin hopes to wrench her opponent backward, freeing the grip. However, a too powerful yank could severely sprain the brunette's back.

YOU'RE ON THE SCENE WHEN THE ACTION HAPPENS!

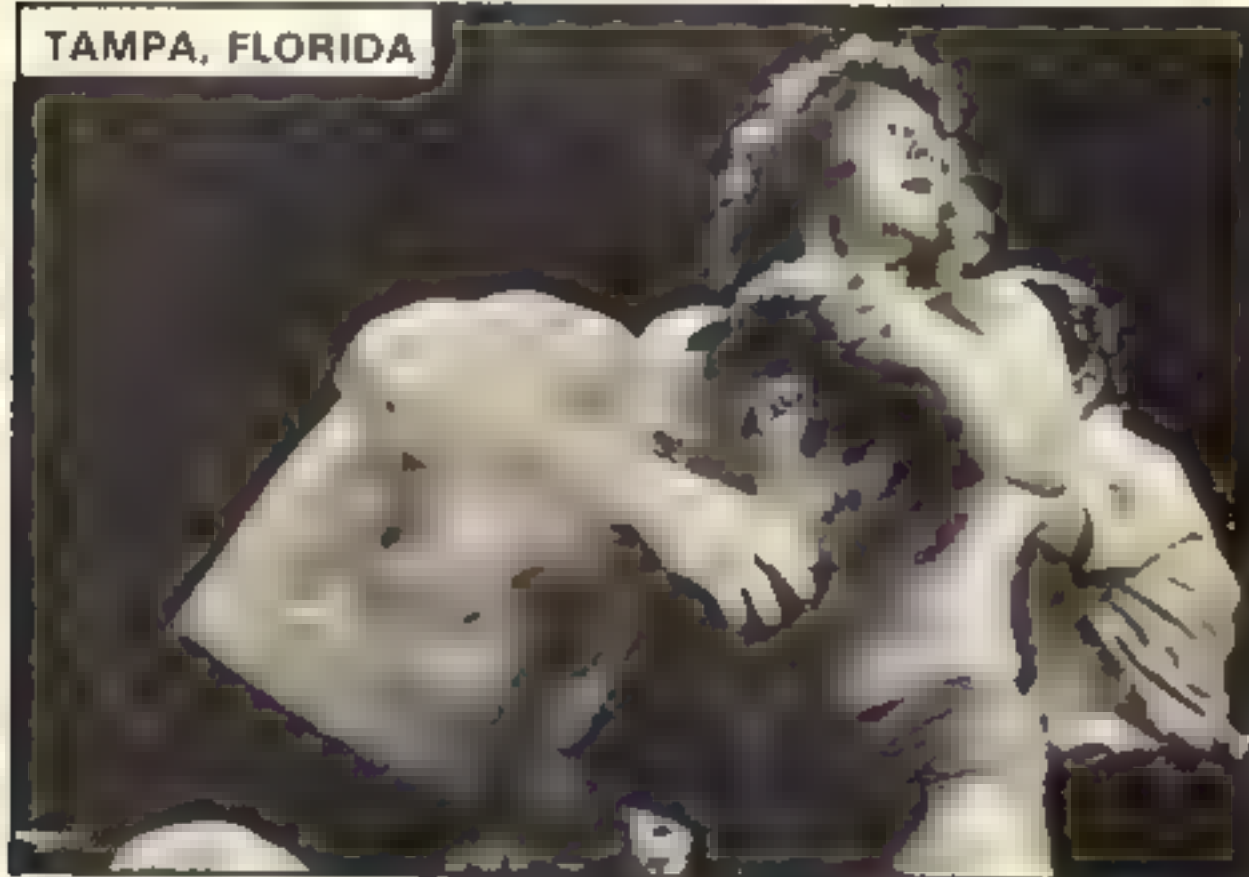
**Our photographers make sure YOU
have a ringside seat**



ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Abdullah the Butcher is about to take a bite out of Mr. Wrestling II's mask (above) in a wild match.

TAMPA, FLORIDA



MIAMI, FLORIDA



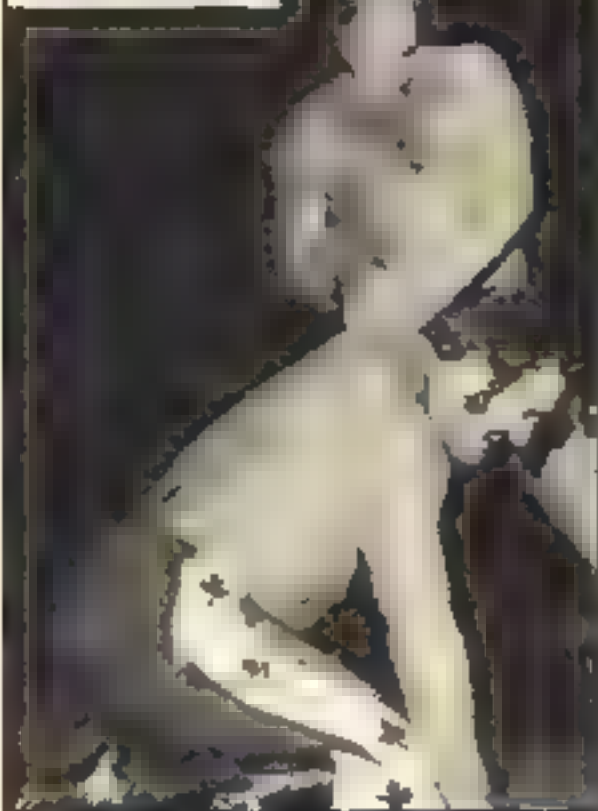
GREENSBORO,
NORTH CAROLINA

Bob Orton Jr. grabs a hunk of Rocky Smith's hair (above), and he is about to toss Rocky out of the ring. T-Bolt Patterson scores big with a smash to NWA champion Terry Funk's chin (above right). An atomic backbreaker crunches Johnny Weaver's back (left), courtesy of Gene Anderson. Cowboy Parker uses Klondike Bill's jacket as a weapon on big Bill (right).



SPARTANBURG,
SOUTH CAROLINA

**RICHMOND,
VIRGINIA**



HOUSTON, TEXAS



The popular Steve Kern puts an armbar on Mike "The Judge" Dubois (left) Kern, one of the fastest rising youngsters in the sport, has his work cut out for him in this contest Rocky Johnson sends Terry Funk flying (above) as Rocky makes a bid for the NWA title.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



**GREENVILLE,
SOUTH CAROLINA**



Butcher Vachon is about to pin Jerry Brown, but Buddy Roberts has other ideas (left). Blackjack Mulligan shows why he rates top honors as he tortures Paul Jones (above) Nick Bockwinkel stops Verne Gagne (below)



OMAHA, NEBRASKA

(Continued on page 56)

HARLEY RACE

(Continued from Page 25)



Race has a shocked look on his face as Mark uses one of Harley's favorite and best maneuvers (below), the suplex slam. "I was flattered that Lewin imitated my style," Race said later.



"It isn't that easy," Harley replied. Then he paused for a long moment. "Then again, gentlemen, maybe it is just that easy. I will get back to you on that." With that, he left the men at the table.

In that one moment's pause, Harley had suddenly seen a whole new world open up for him. It was as if a great weight had been lifted from his shoulders. He suddenly saw why he had never been able to regain his title. He had always lacked a real motivation to win back his belt. Harley had always known he should want the title back, but he never really felt a reason for wanting it back. Now he had that reason.

After four long years without a world title—or a reason to have that title—Harley Race had to start anew. Even though he had already wrestled Terry Funk for the belt, he wanted to do it again. This time, he promised himself, he would win.

Race scouted the NWA to find just the right competitor with whom he



Lewin is a bit too fast as he gets up just as Harley is about to kneedrop him (above). Lewin is down (left) as he falls victim to a Race bodyslam. Now Harley is ready to give him another one.

could start his real comeback. After a careful search, he chose Mark Lewin. Then he began some of the most intensive training sessions he had ever undertaken in his career. He was determined to become champion once again. He needed the money.

Of course, Harley was not going to let something as insignificant as the rulebook stand in his way. If he had to use a few less-than-legal tactics to reach his goal, so what? It was a small price to pay for the riches which lay ahead.

Mark Lewin is not an opponent to be taken lightly. He is a fierce competitor who wins most of his matches. But against a whirlwind like the motivated Harley Race, not even Lewin could win. Indeed, Race gave Mark one of the toughest matches of his career.

It was speculated that no rule was left unbroken by Harley during this match. That is very possible. Harley behaved like a man possessed. Mark Lewin seemed more like a victim than an opponent.

Right after the match, Harley rushed out of the arena and back to his dressing room. He made a quick long-distance phone call to the men back in Atlanta.

"We'll have our money," Race told them, "and sooner than I thought. There is no way anyone can stop me now from winning my title back. And when that event happens, I should be making more than enough money to finance our project."

"And not only that, I will be champion again. That may be the greatest thing of all!" □

SLIM INCHES AWAY IN THE AMAZING NEW BODY TAPER-TRIM SHIRT

Puts power in your sex
appeal as it reshapes you to
more manly "tapered"
proportions!

- SMOOTHS TORSO
- BUSTS CHEST
- STRAIGHTENS BACK
- SLIMS ABDOMEN
- CINCHES WAIST
- FLATTENS BULGES

Extra-light, extra-comfortable
long line undershirt puts
power net LYCRA SPANDEX
& NYLON to work providing
firm, smooth control from
chest to lower abdomen.
Smooths out bulges and
trims you with unprecedented
built-in slimming power. Worn
as an undershirt, it works
to keep you in shape.
Completely machine
washable. White only.

INSTANTLY HOLDS **\$8.95**



FROM THIS TO THIS

10 Day

Purchase Price Refundable
if not 100% Satisfied

R. S. SALES, Dept. 2277

8511 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028

My chest is _____ inches (Exhale & measure chest.)
SIZES: ☐ S (34-36), ☐ Med. (38-40), ☐ Lg. (42-44),
☐ XL (46-48), ☐ 2X (50-52) Add \$50 per order post-
age & handling. Total Enclosed \$ _____ Call
residents add 6% tax. For CDD enclose \$2.00 deposit.
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

EXTRA INCOME! Make \$1 per SALE

SELL ENGRAVED METAL SOCIAL SECURITY PLATES
Millions of new prospects every year!
No investment. SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE!
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
ENGLAVAPLATES, DEPT. 103
P.O. Box 10462 JACKSONVILLE, FLA. 32220
ALSO: HUGHES

Eyes Sparkle Again

Flou away dust, dirt and other irritants with
refreshing LAYOPTIK Eye Wash. Offers
prompt relief for sore, tired, burning eyes.
Also soothes itching. Ask for gentle, genuine
LAYOPTIK Medicinal Eye Wash with eye cup
included at your neighborhood drug store.
Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.



and SILENCER

FREE 50 Reusable
22 Cal. Pellets

only
\$1.98

Rapid firing 22 cal. fully 5 inches long with the
look and feel of an undercover automatic. Snap
the silencer on or remove for fast combat
type target practice. FREE 50 reusable 22 cal.
pellets and supply of targets. Money back guar-
antee if not satisfied. Just send \$1.98 plus 50¢ for
postage and handling. NY State residents add 6% tax.
No. sold in NY City.

Honor House Dept. 533458 Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563
NY State residents add state and local sales tax.

DUSTY RHODES

(Continued from Page 29)



Stevens listens to the count as he tries to choke Dusty for as long as he can before getting counted out. Rhodes didn't put up with this too long though. In just a matter of moments, the two will return to the ring and Dusty will go berserk—and the fans will love every moment of it!

from rulebreaker to fan favorite. It just didn't make any sense.

There had been a considerable amount of time between their last encounter—when they were still friends—and their scheduled match against each other. In that time, Dusty had become a new man. Ray was aware of Rhodes' "born again" status, but he chose to ignore it.

As the match got underway, it was clear the spectators' sympathies lay with Dusty. Ray Stevens was not the kind of man they would honor. His tactics and attitude made that very clear. Rhodes was a clean, scientific wrestler. The fans liked that.

But things did not go so easily for Dusty. Ray Stevens was proving to be a much tougher opponent than Rhodes had anticipated. Indeed, Ray was using every illegal tactic he could think of against Dusty. And Ray was clearly winning the match.

Dusty had to make a quick decision. Would he disappoint the fans and fall to the tactics which Stevens was using, or would he try to fight fire with fire—use every illegal tactic in his old repertoire? To revert to his old ways would surely disappoint the fans, he felt, but it had to be done.

Suddenly Rhodes was the one who was using illegal tactics. He was savaging Ray Stevens. Indeed, Ray never knew what hit him. It was as if Dusty Rhodes had gone momentarily crazy, and Ray Stevens was feeling the brunt of his insanity. But the ploy paid off for Dusty; Stevens had been stopped and Rhodes was declared the winner of the match!

Dusty expected to hear loud boos from the fans for his behavior in the ring. Instead, he heard wild cheering from the thousands of spectators. They all had understood why Dusty had gone berserk during the match, and they approved. They would have approved of anything Dusty did if it meant defeating Ray Stevens.

In his dressing room after the match, Ray was considerably upset. "I never thought he had really changed," Stevens said. "He was just as savage tonight as he was when he used to team up with Dick Murdoch. Dusty Rhodes may be a fan favorite, but he's still a rulebreaker at heart. These guys never change. You press them hard enough, and they revert to their old ways."

"After all, the more things change, the more they stay the same. And that's the truth!"

X-RAY SPECS

An Hilarious Optical Illusion



ONLY \$1.25

Scientific optical principle really works. Imagine you put on the "X-Ray" Specs and hold your hand in front of you. You seem to be able to look right through the flesh and see the bones underneath. Look at your friend. Is that really his body you see? Under his clothes? Loads of laughs and fun at parties. Only \$1.25 plus 25¢ shipping charges. Money Back Guarantee. MONROE HOUSE, DEPT. 5330258, LYMBROOK, N.Y. 11543. NY State residents add state and local sales tax.

BEST BY MAIL

Rates: Write National, Box 3, Sarasota, FL 34232

OF INTEREST TO MEN

FREE! Men's Hat and Cap Catalog. Slatery Hat Co., Box 269 Dept. 1123, Cedarhurst, N.Y. 11516

HAIR Also grow hair! Women thicker longer, amazing. Box 36, Santa Barbara, Ca. 93102

MONEYMAKING OPPORTUNITIES

IMMEDIATE earnings stuffing envelopes. Beginner's Kit. \$1.00. Lewards, Bros. Ca. 92621

EARN thousands part time. Fast response. \$1.00. Box 423, Quogue, N.Y. 11959. N.Y. residents sales tax.

MAILORDER Offers and Opportunities. Gale, \$1.00. Del. a. Box 9, A.M.A. Conv. Pa. 15407

MONEY Jackpot. Big fantastic list \$1.00. Loney Sons, 10309 Baldwin NE, Albuquerque, N.M. 87112

MERCHANDISE FOR SALE

"ARROWHEAD Collections". Unique gift, frameable, 25 \$5.50, 100 \$15.00. Council 1279, Apache Junction, Az 85220

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

GUARANTEED \$8.00 hour at home addressing envelopes part time. Rush \$1.00 (refundable). "Pro-fit", Box 12238, Phoenix, Az. 85007

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

WARTS. Verruon Cream is painless safe easy. Hospital tested. Recommended by doctors. Use on all parts of body. Unconditionally guaranteed. Buy Verruon at better pharmacies.

BETTING advice (Hals. Irons). \$1.00. Ed. 300 Washington St. Newark, N.J. 07102

CRAPS. Winning Professional Methods—\$1.00. GBC, Box 4115C, Las Vegas, Nv. 89 06

LYRICS. Poems, Words set to music prepared for copyright. 45 Jackson, Palatka, Fla. 32933-326

NATIONWIDE Swap Newspaper. Details 35¢. Occasion. GPO Box 538-AM, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202

SILVER BIT BUCKLES

Beautifully Hand Engraved Sterling Silver
Specify for 1 1/2" or 2" Belts.
\$55.00 ppd. Money Back Guaranteed.

Box 18-A, Rm 62

1875
Valley Falls, Kansas 66086

MONEY MONEY MONEY

Do you want to be rich? Your dream could come true by using my millionaire plan. An amazingly simple idea and you don't even have to work. Pave your way to riches by investing only \$5.00 for the easy instructions. Send to: Millionaire, P.O. Box 31, East Prairie, Mo. 63845

WIN

AT THE RACES!

A genuinely common sense method that enables you to pick the winning selection in minutes without any doubt or hesitation. **AMAZING RESULTS.** Send \$20.00 for my Common Sense Method.

ARPEN ASSOCIATES,
Box 9443, Providence, R.I. 02908

Thanks to you
it's working.
The United Way.



Andre's Painful Lesson

(Continued from Page 41)



The Sheik is trapped on the ropes and the referee is powerless to stop huge Andre from slugging him (above). The match over, Andre dares the Sheik to return to the battle.



the ropes to his manager. Andre followed close behind, continuing his attack on the hated wrestler.

The Giant quickly caught up with Sheik and began to batter his head against the ringpost. It was clear that Sheik was in no condition to continue with this match. Andre released his hold on him, and climbed back into the ring to acknowledge the cheers of the crowd.

But the crowd's cheers so turned to screams. Sheik had snuck back into the ring when Andre wasn't looking. Armed with a metal chair, Sheik began to attack Andre's head. The Giant fell to the canvas. This did not stop the hated wrestler. He



climbed over the ropes with the chair and continued the assault. The referee tried to stop the attack, but Sheik just pushed him out of the way.

At that moment, Thunderbolt Patterson came running out of the dressing room. Together with the referee, Patterson was able to stop the brutal attack on Andre. Sheik and Creatchman quickly went back to their dressing room.

Andre felt humiliated. So much had been riding on this match, and he had overlooked only one small detail. Even when he was down, Sheik would still attack. That was the one maneuver Andre had not trained himself to combat. And that was where he made his mistake.

But at least Andre was able to walk away with his dignity. Officially he had won the match because Sheik had been disqualified for the assault with the chair. Yet the victory was hollow, empty. He wanted a clear cut victory over Sheik. But that would have to wait until another day. □

WE ARE GIVING AWAY OVER

\$15,000.00

IN CASH PRIZES!!

1st PRIZE \$6,500
2nd PRIZE \$1,000
3rd PRIZE \$750
4th PRIZE \$500
5th PRIZE \$250
6-10 PRIZE \$150 Each

11-25 PRIZE \$100 Each
26-50 PRIZE \$75 Each
51-100 PRIZE \$50 Each

15,625 Cash Prizes

Can you identify this American landmark? If you can you are on your way to winning your share of \$15,625 Dollars!!

Using the clue words (we've done the first letter as an example), fill in the blank squares to spell out the landmark, which is the Statue of.

After you have finished your puzzle, fill in your name and address and send it to us. Include .25¢ for postage & handling and be on the way to winning BIG MONEY!!!

LET US PUT YOUR NAME ON OUR WINNERS LIST CUT OUT & MAIL TODAY!

Puzzle Association of America

Dept. 2223
7166 Melrose Avenue
Los Angeles, Calif. 90046

Yes, I want to win \$6,500 so please send me .25¢ for postage and handling.

Make winning check to:

Address:

City:

State:

	C	L	O	W	N
OPPOSITE OF OUT					
YOUNG MAN IS A					
COLOR					
A N C H O R					
TO BEGIN					
OPPOSITE OF NO.					

DR. A. S. MAKES HIS PATIENTS SEVERAL INCHES TALLER

By the use of a special formula, Dr. A. S. makes his patients several inches taller. This is accomplished by the use of a special formula.

Dr. A. S. has been successful in making his patients several inches taller. This is accomplished by the use of a special formula.

Dr. A. S. has been successful in making his patients several inches taller. This is accomplished by the use of a special formula.

Dr. A. S. has been successful in making his patients several inches taller. This is accomplished by the use of a special formula.

Dr. A. S. has been successful in making his patients several inches taller. This is accomplished by the use of a special formula.

Dr. A. S. has been successful in making his patients several inches taller. This is accomplished by the use of a special formula.

Dr. A. S. has been successful in making his patients several inches taller. This is accomplished by the use of a special formula.

Dr. A. S. has been successful in making his patients several inches taller. This is accomplished by the use of a special formula.

Dr. A. S. has been successful in making his patients several inches taller. This is accomplished by the use of a special formula.

Dr. A. S. has been successful in making his patients several inches taller. This is accomplished by the use of a special formula.

Dr. A. S. has been successful in making his patients several inches taller. This is accomplished by the use of a special formula.

Dr. A. S. has been successful in making his patients several inches taller. This is accomplished by the use of a special formula.

Dr. A. S. has been successful in making his patients several inches taller. This is accomplished by the use of a special formula.

Dr. A. S. has been successful in making his patients several inches taller. This is accomplished by the use of a special formula.

Dr. A. S. has been successful in making his patients several inches taller. This is accomplished by the use of a special formula.

Dr. A. S. has been successful in making his patients several inches taller. This is accomplished by the use of a special formula.

MAKE MONEY FAST!



Start making money at once in your spare time selling our complete line of Meta Social Security & Identification Plates, Door Plates and Stainless Steel Pet Tags. Millions of people waiting to buy. No experience needed!

ANCHOR SPECIALTIES CO.

Department 69

Box 3958 North Providence, R.I. 02911

Please rush money-making FREE Sales Kit without obligation.

Name:

Address:

City:

State:

Zip:

Phone:

Telex:

Radio:

TV:

Mail:

Express:

Registered:

Trademark:

Copyright:

Patent:

Design:

Model:

Prototype:

Sample:

Reference:

Source:

Target:

Market:

Segment:

Channel:

Intermediary:

Partner:

Supplier:

Manufacturer:

Distributor:

Retailer:

Wholesaler:

Importer:

Exporter:

Agent:

Broker:

Commissioner:

Inspector:

Officer:

Special Agent:

Assistant:

Chief:

Director:

Manager:

President:

Owner:

Partner:

Shareholder:

Investor:

Donor:

Benefactor:

Patron:

Supporter:

Contributor:

Member:

Associate:

Adviser:

Consultant:

Advisor:

Expert:

Specialist:

Professional:

Technician:

Engineer:

Scientist:

Researcher:

Analyst:

Inspector:

Officer:

Special Agent:

Assistant:

Chief:

Director:

Manager:

President:

Owner:

Partner:

Shareholder:

Investor:

Donor:

Benefactor:

Patron:

Supporter:

Contributor:

Member:

Associate:

Adviser:

Consultant:

Advisor:

Expert:

Specialist:

Professional:

Technician:

Engineer:

Scientist:

Researcher:

Analyst:

Inspector:

Officer:

Special Agent:

Assistant:

Chief:

Director:

Manager:

President:

Owner:

Partner:

Shareholder:

Investor:

Donor:

Benefactor:

Patron:

Supporter:

Contributor:

Member:

Associate:

Adviser:

Consultant:

Advisor:

Expert:

Specialist:

Professional:

Technician:

Engineer:

Scientist:

Researcher:

Analyst:

Inspector:

Officer:

Special Agent:

Assistant:

Chief:

Director:

Manager:

President:

Owner:

Partner:

Shareholder:

Investor:

Donor:

Benefactor:

Patron:

Supporter:

Contributor:

Member:

Associate:

Adviser:

Consultant:

Advisor:

Expert:

Specialist:

Professional:

Technician:

Engineer:

Scientist:

Researcher:

Analyst:

Inspector:

Officer:

Special Agent:

Assistant:

Chief:

Director:

Manager:

President:

Owner:

Partner:

Shareholder:

Investor:

Donor:

Benefactor:

Patron:

Supporter:

Contributor:

Member:

Associate:

Adviser:

Consultant:

Advisor:

Expert:

Specialist:

Professional:

Technician:

Engineer:

Scientist:

Researcher:

Analyst:

Inspector:

Officer:

Special Agent:

Assistant:

Chief:

Director:

Manager:

President:

Owner:

Partner:

Shareholder:

Investor:

Donor:

Benefactor:

Patron:

Supporter:

Contributor:

Member:

Associate:

Adviser:

Consultant:

Advisor:

Expert:

Specialist:

Professional:

Technician:

Engineer:

Scientist:

Researcher:

Analyst:

Inspector:

Officer:

Special Agent:

Assistant:

Chief:

Director:

Manager:

President:

Owner:

Partner:

Shareholder:

Investor:

Donor:

Benefactor:

Patron:

Supporter:

Contributor:

Member:

IMPORTED
LOCK BLADE
STILETTO



9" Overall Length
 5" When Closed

- Opens instantly
- Sharp and Tough
- Stainless Steel Blade

ONLY \$2.75

Flips open in minutes and locks automatically to prevent accidental closing. Razor sharp, tough stainless steel blade. A valuable and handy long service money back in 5 days. Imit not steel. Send \$2.75 plus \$4.00 over postage and handling.

ALLEY SPORTS MO DIV
 Dept. 533ST58
 35 Wilbur Street, Lynbrook, N.Y. 11583

SAFEGUARD YOUR VALUABLES
SECRET POCKET MONOGRAMMED
MONEY BELT Only \$3.98



This handsome up grain cowhide belt has a large zippered secret compartment. Comes complete with a fine rucked buckle monogrammed with your initials. Available in black or brown. Sizes 28 to 46. Only \$3.98 plus \$6.00 shipping charges. Please specify size, color and initials.

Honor House Dept. 533MC58 Lynbrook, N.Y.
 *NY State residents add state and local sales tax.


DETECTIVE TRAINING



Easy home study course prepares men and women for the exciting and rewarding investigation profession. **SEND NOW FOR FREE DETAILS** about course, reputation and diploma. No salesman will call.

UNIVERSAL DETECTIVES Licensed Training Co.
 Dept. Z Box P-30 Universal City, Mo. 64112

BE TALLER



If you wish to know the facts about **HEIGHT INCREASE** send 35¢ for details to:

TALL-UP Dept. 11872
 232 W. Front St. Napoleon, Ohio 43545

KARATE



JUDO-SAVATE
JIU-JITSU

The Greatest Self-Defense System Known To Man! Learn-AI-HOME-Course reveals hundreds of deadly self-defense secrets which will enable you to protect yourself from any attacker. Easy to learn. **FREE COLORFUL BROCHURE**. Send 25¢ for postage/handling.

UNIVERSAL Dept. VI
 BOX 19303 DETROIT, MICH. 48231

FREE

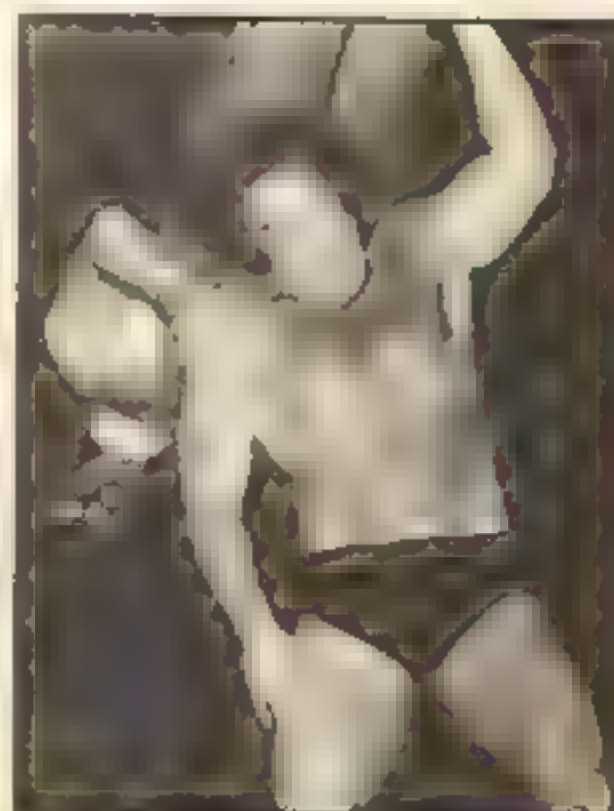
 **The American Red Cross. The Good Neighbor.**

FIGHT SCENE

(Continued from Page 49)



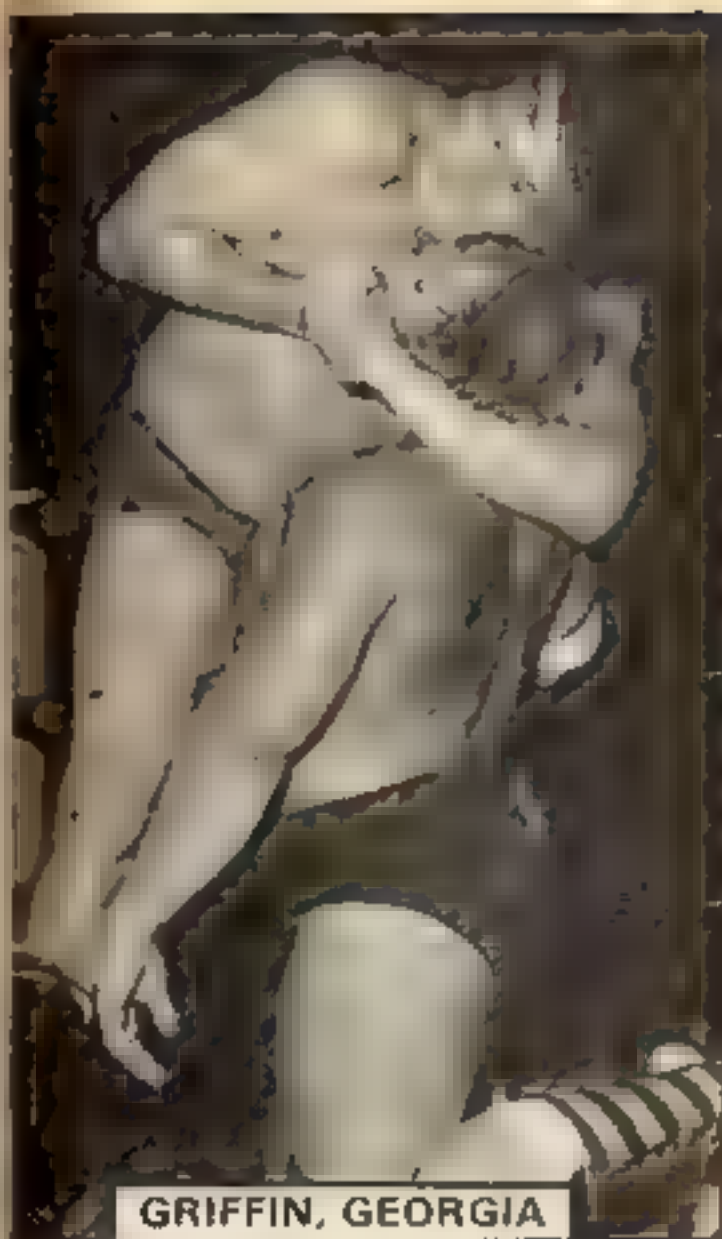
Terry Funk falls victim to a Texas Bullrope, in a match appropriately named the same, against Dusty Rhodes (above). Mark Lewin sends Spoiler on an unscheduled flight (left). Mean Don Green chokes Jerry Brisco (right, Green used every dirty trick imaginable in this match).



DETROIT, MICHIGAN



MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE



GRIFFIN, GEORGIA

Bill Dromo has a right headlock on Ole Anderson (above). Bill gave Ole one of his toughest battles. De. Skinner is about to connect with a flying headbutt on Ray Rougeau's noggin (below).



MONTREAL, QUEBEC

BATTLING GIRLS

ADULT
READING

THE OFFICIAL
MAGAZINE OF
APARTMENT
WRESTLING
FROM THE
PHOTOGRAPHERS
AND WRITERS
WHO KNOW IT
BEST

At last! A magazine devoted entirely to the world's most titillating, thrilling, and exclusive sport: APARTMENT WRESTLING. The most revealing pictures ever published of voluptuous beauties locked in fierce combat and best of all, **BATTLING GIRLS** puts YOU in a ringside seat, a seat so close to the blazing action you'll have the feeling you can actually reach out and touch their perspiring, lush bodies. And—for the first time—you'll see what really happens when the girls get so wild they rip the scanty bikinis off each other and then continue the spectacular brawl! There has never been anything like it before. The issues have been scooped off newsstands so fast that thousands of disappointed fans couldn't find copies anywhere—for any price!

Fortunately, we have a limited supply of additional copies, which we are now making available. We warn you to avoid another sold out disappointment by ordering immediately.



WINTER 1975



SPRING 1976



MAY 1976

T.V. SPORTS, INC.
Box 58
Rockville Centre, NY 11571

\$2 PER COPY

Please rush me _____ copies of the **BATTLING GIRLS** I have checked below. I am enclosing \$2 for each copy, which includes all shipping costs.

☐ WINTER 1975

☐ SPRING 1976

☐ MAY 1976

Your Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NOTE: Because some material might be of a mature nature, parental approval for those under 18 is recommended.

BE A MAN!



DYNAMIC MUSCLE

Huge, powerful muscles (M)
RECORD TIME Train with or with-
out equipment. Be a man! Be musc-
ular! Be a man! **FREE** details:
GOLATH ENTERPRISES
P.O. Box 833F Wheat Ridge, CO 80090



**COLT
".45"**

22 CAL.
PELLET
FIRING

only \$1.69

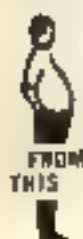
"STINGER AUTOMATIC"
50-22 Cal. Pellets Free.

Looks and feels like a real Colt .45" auto-
matic fully 6 inches long — 4 inches high
Fires 22 cal. pellets as fast as you can pull
the trigger. Great for fast action combat
type target practice. **FREE** supply of targets
and 50 reusable 22 cal. pellets. Money back
if not satisfied. Just send \$1.69 plus 50¢ for
postage and handling. **Not valid in NY City.**
Honor House Dept. 513AN50 Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563
NY State residents add state and local sales tax

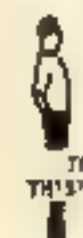
TRIM-LINE!

- LYCRA SPANDEX
- MAGIC GRIP PANELS
- POWER KNIT

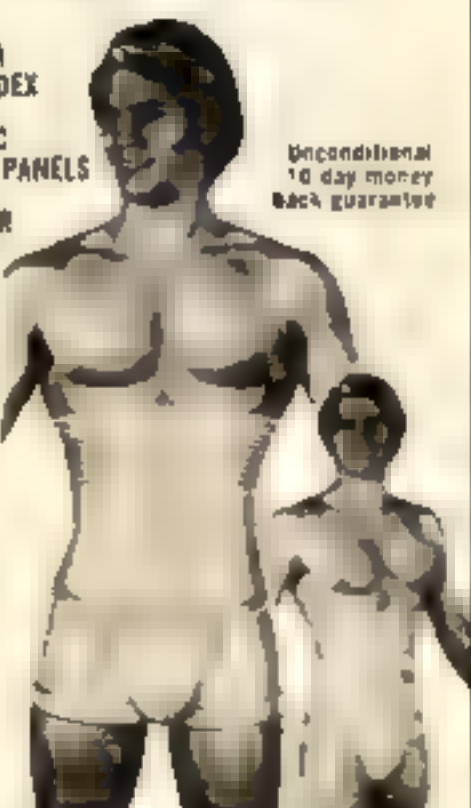
Unconditional
10 day money
back guarantee



FROM
THIS



TO
THIS



#976 LONG LINE #977 SHORT LINE

#976 Trim-inch panels trim inches off your waist
and flatten your abdomen. Lycra power knit
stretches and breathes with you to give you the
sleekest physique ever! Built-in masculine support
for superb comfort! Sizes Small 28-32 Med
(33-36) LG (37-40) XL 41-44 \$7.99

#977 Short Line Version \$7.99

REGENCY SQUARE Dept. 2223
631 Yucca, Hollywood, Ca 90028

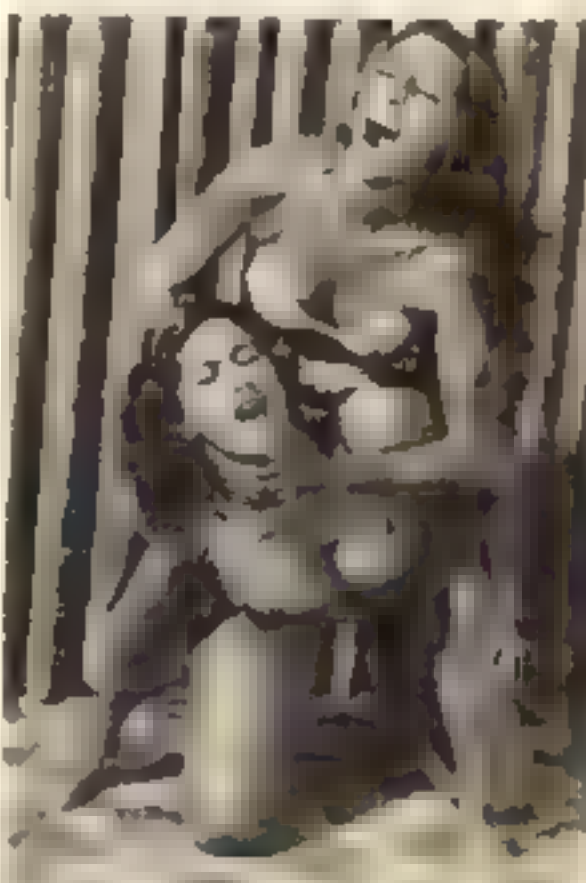
Waist Size #976 977
Add 50¢ postage & handling. 5% Tax For COD en-
close \$2.00 deposit

The Nurse & The Stewardess

(Continued from Page 37)



Above: It is clearly obvious who has the upper hand in this photo. For a moment it looked as if Jenny might surrender. Below left: It's an all out effort on Jenny's part as she begins to choke the well-endowed nurse. Below right: Jenny groans in agony as Camille has her in an arm-crushing grip.



popular along that circuit, and I've just found out that several members of the Board of Directors of this hospital attend those matches. If they find out who I am... well, you get the message."

Camille wasn't the only one with that type of problem. Somewhere

in the stratosphere, Jenny had met her dream man. She fell in love with Dan, a handsome, suave gentleman, long before she found out he was the son of a wealthy shipbuilder from Boston. She didn't tell Dan about her escapades as an apartment house wrestler for she

was afraid he would disapprove and be angry with her. After all, on more than one occasion, she wound up not only winning but in her birthday suit, as well.

But Jenny was more afraid of Dan's wealthy family finding out than she was of anything else. It is socialites from upper crust who attend these matches, and Lord forbid them from ever discovering her apartment wrestling antics.

But when you are as competitive as Jenny and Camille, it's not hard to be taken into a match. When each heard of the other's super talents, the urge to compete became a must.

For Jenny, who believed in her




An exhausted, spent Camille gives all that her powerful body can muster, as she actually tries to pull Jenny's arm and leg right off.

athletic abilities, the match was something she couldn't let go by. For Camille, who never would dream of doing anything against the hospital she loved so much, it was a match that would show just how good she really was.

After the match was set, each young beauty had second thoughts.

"If I win," each girl reasoned, "my name will be known all over—just what I don't want." Each was scared of what might happen. Each entertained the thought of perhaps

(Continued on page 60)



AMERICAN POLICE ACADEMY

JOIN TODAY

ANNUAL DUES \$5

- Special Identification Card
- Academy Car Emblem
- Training Material

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY VS

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO

APA, Rm. 615 Headquarters Bldg

2000 "P" St. N.W. Washington, DC 20036

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NOW YOU CAN

WRAP INCHES AWAY

IN THIS AMAZING NEW

WRAP-SLIM

SUPER SLIMMER!



Magic Slimmer Panels Work (INSTANTLY!)

LET'S YOU DECIDE JUST HOW SLIM & SLEEK YOU WANT TO BE!

A revolutionary discovery that actually lets you WRAP YOURSELF SLIMMER the very first time you put it on! It will flatten that stomach and other unsightly bulges and let you surprise yourself with a new trim you! Magic Slimmer-panels give you a custom fit and lets you decide just how sleek and trim you want to be. No snaps, hooks or zippers. No uncomfortable slays or hard boning to dig into you. So lightweight, cool, and comfortable you hardly know you're wearing it, yet you'll trim-up to the kind of figure you have always wanted. **FOR MEN OR WOMEN!**

TWO FANTASTIC STYLES TO CHOOSE FROM:

#3452 Custom Two-panel Wrap-Slim sizes 28 to 50	\$7.99
#3453 Deluxe Three-panel Wrap-Slim sizes 30 to 45	\$10.99

NO RISK COUPON

RUSH ME:

#3452 (How many) Waist size _____ \$7.99 ea.

#3453 (How many) Waist size _____ \$10.99 ea.

Add 50c ea. garment ordered for postage and handling plus 5% Sales Tax.

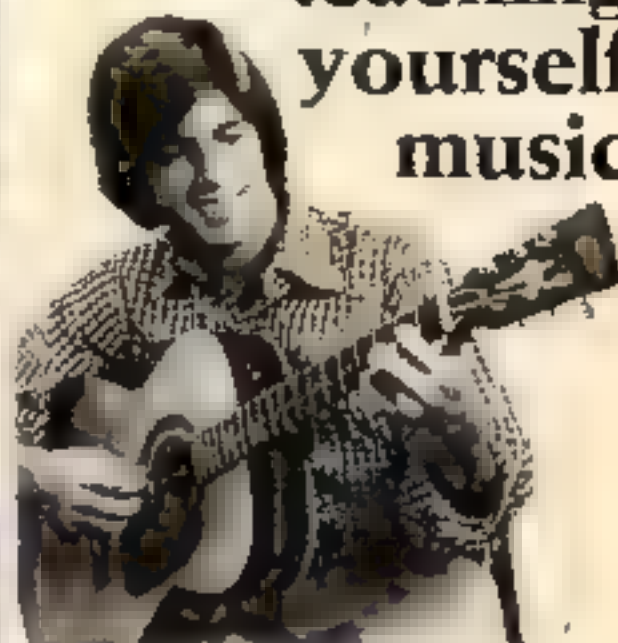
For C.O.D. send \$3.00 deposit and pay postman bal. on delivery.

PRINT NAME & ADDRESS CLEARLY AND SEND

STARTGGS OF HOLLYWOOD, Wrap-Slim Div. 2223

63 1/2 Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028

The secret of teaching yourself music



Learn piano, guitar, etc., at home in spare time

It may seem odd at first—the idea of teaching yourself music. You might think you need an expensive private teacher to instruct you—and to tell you when you make a mistake.

But, the fact is, you don't. Thousands have taught themselves to play with the U.S. School of Music courses. By mail. So can you.

The secret lies in the step-by-step way our lessons teach you. Starting from scratch, they show you with simple words and pictures exactly what to do. You learn to play the right way—by note, from sheet music. Without gimmicks.

But how do you know you're doing it right? Easy. A lot of the tunes you'll practice first are simple songs you've heard before. Since you know how they're supposed to sound, you can tell when you've "got them right."

By the time you go on to more advanced pieces, you'll be able to tell if your notes and timing are right, even without having heard the songs. Before too long, you'll be playing different kinds of music: ballads, old favorites, show tunes, or hymns.

For more information about this convenient, economical way to learn music, mail the coupon. We'll send you our free booklet, "Be Your Own Music Teacher" and a free "Note-Finder." No obligation.

U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
A Home Study School Since 1898.

EST. 1898 U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

U.S. School of Music

Studio 12-605

417 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 60606

I'm interested in learning the secret of teaching myself to play the instrument checked below. Please send me, FREE, illustrated booklet (Free "Note-Finder" included with Piano or Guitar booklet.) I am under no obligation.

☐ Piano ☐ Guitar (pick style)

☐ Spinet Organ (2 Keyboards)

Mr. _____

Mrs. _____

Miss _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

America's Oldest Home Study Music School

DEVELOP FEARSOME



WITH
WEIGHTED
WRISTLETS

3.98

"Power Packed" Arm Builders Start Instantly To Give You mighty striking power and strength. Build the powerful arm you want without special equipment or exercises. Wear these rugged weighted wristlets during your ordinary activities of work or play.

BUILD YOUR STRENGTH

Hour by hour day by day the muscles in your arms are strengthened and grown to new power. Wear your Power Packed wristlets and get the proud muscular line feeling that says "I can take care of myself."

100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Order your "Power Packed" weighted wristlets today. Use them for 30 days. If you don't see immediate and progressive improvement, if you don't instantly feel more powerful, more muscular, more capable, you can return them for refund of the full purchase price.



Cost of one \$3.98 plus 35¢ shipping. A pair costs \$6.98 plus 35¢ shipping. Sorry No C.O.D.

Power Builders Dept. 26484

50 BOND STREET WESTBURY, N.Y. 11590

1¢ SALE

GUARANTEED
10 YEARS



Small text describing the knife's features and warranty.



FREE Targets and 50 reusable pellets
This hard hitting target pistol looks and feels like the famous snub-nosed revolver in use by most detectives. The cylinder swings out to take eight .22 caliber pellets and each revolver comes with its own FREE supply of targets and 50 rounds of reusable pellets. Only \$3.95 plus 50¢ for postage and handling. Your money promptly refunded if you're not completely satisfied. Not sold in New York City.
Honor House Dept. 5330454 Lyndbrook, N.Y. 11563

The Nurse & The Stewardess

(Continued from Page 59)



Above: Camille tries to escape from the grasp of Jenny, who is trying to rip the nurses' top off. Below left: Jennifer strains in an effort to wrench her opponent's neck. Below right: The momentum of the battle swings back to the nurse as she pins Jenny's hands and shoulders to the floor.



going into the match, and then throwing it—letting her opponent walk off with all the glory. But the glory wasn't what Jenny or Camille was after. They were taking the match for one purpose—to win. That's the name of the game.

Jenny and Camille are true athletes. They compete for the great feeling top-notch competition gives any good athlete. When

you've beaten a good athlete, you've really accomplished something. Both wanted to win so badly, yet each was afraid a win might damage their lives and reputation.

As the two combatants waited in separate bedrooms for the match to begin, champagne flowed like water out of a city hydrant on a hot

(Continued on page 62)

FREE
2100 book
UNIQUE WAYS TO MAKE MONEY

People making BIG MONEY aren't telling how! Our Special Reports (3 Big Volumes) reveal Everything!!

Start on a shoestring—full or part-time—at home! If you don't write for this FREE BOOK, you could be throwing away a Fortune (no kidding)!

This is the World's Most Unique Money Book—and it's FREE! Send your name to:

SUCCESS INTERNATIONAL Dept. VI
26903 W. Eight Mile Road
Detroit, Michigan 48240

PROTECT YOURSELF!...

NEW! Non-Lethal Tear Gas Pistols **FREE HOLSTER! WITH EACH PISTOL PURCHASE!**

The "PERFECTA"
Modified after the world famous Browning Automatic!

Automatic Ejection • ALL Metal Construction • "Blue" Finish • 100% SAFE and EASY to use!

ONLY \$24.95 ea. 2 for \$48.95 3 for \$68.95 No. 353 22 Cal. 9 Shot

Heavy Duty Revolver
No. 406 • 22 Cal. • 7 Shot ALL Metal
ONLY \$19.95 ea. 2 for \$38.95 3 for \$57.95 NICKEL / CHROME Finish

No. 457 22 Cal. 8 Shot
Latest Design • Dull Black Finish • Fits Pocket or purse. **ONLY \$22.95 ea. 2 for \$45.95 3 for \$68.95**

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE—ORDER NOW!
NO FEDERAL PERMIT REQUIRED!

Included in my Check or M.O. (Sorry, no COD's) for \$ I understand I will receive a FREE HOLSTER as a bonus for each Pistol I order. Add \$1.25 shipping if order is less than \$25.00.

SHIP: 11-21-22 No. 353 Automatic Tear Gas Cartridges
11-21-22 No. 406 Revolver 10-\$1.95 20-\$4.95
11-21-22 No. 457 Revolver 10-\$1.95 20-\$4.95

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

★ **Protection & Security Service** ★
P.O. Box 9010VSB • Wilmington, Del. 19609

GET INTO ACTION.

ACTION is a growing movement of volunteers who are helping people to help themselves. ACTION is the PEACE CORPS, VISTA, SCORE, ACE, FOSTER GRANDPARENT PROGRAM, UYA AND MORE. If you're trained in a skill or just have a little love to share... ACTION NEEDS YOU.

CALL TOLL FREE

800-424-5500

IN WASHINGTON, D.C. AREA CALL 800-424-5500

A Public Service of This Magazine & The Advertising Council



The Nurse & The Stewardess

(Continued from Page 60)



Above: Camille has a vise-like grip on Jenny's arm and leg. Although both women tried their best, each secretly hoped for defeat. Below: Jenny's hair flies as she yanks her head away from Camille's painful grasp.



summer day.

The names in the crowd read like "Who's Who in American Business." Ironically, as the socialites awaited the match to begin, a wealthy shipbuilder went around serving champagne to his friends and colleagues, one of

whom was Chairman of the Board of that very same large metropolis hospital where Camille worked.

Jenny and Camille entered the living room from opposite ends of the penthouse almost at the same time. As their eyes met, you could see this was going to be a brutal match.

You could sense they wanted at each other right away. They got their wish. It wasn't necessary for anybody to explain the rules of Apartment Wrestling to the women. They had been through it before. Anyway, the only firm rule of this erotic sport is that there are no rules.

Jenny and Camille tore into each other like enraged wildcats, and an excited moan went up from the crowd, over 60 strong. Camille went right after Jenny, looking to use brute strength to overpower her. But Jenny wasn't about to match muscles against Camille or anyone else. Her legs were her major weapons. Her splendid shanks—capable of stopping the operations of an entire airport—were specialized in destruction.

As Camille reached out to grab Jenny, the stewardess' right leg shot up and caught Camille in the

pit of her stomach. Camille doubled over in agony. Jenny started to go after her opponent, but then stopped. A chill raced down her spine as she thought, "I can't afford to win. What will happen to my future if I win?" She backed off and let Camille catch her breath. Jenny was going to give Camille every opportunity to win. Her lack of killer instinct was greeted with mixed emotions by the stimulated crowd of dignitaries.

Jenny circled cautiously around



For a moment it looked like it was all over for Jenny as Camille began to use her as a broom. But Jenny was not to be taken lightly and she escaped by yanking beautiful Camille's legs right out from under her.

Camille, who had regained her breath. Camille would not rush in like that again. She would test Jenny, to see if kicking was an essential part of the stewardess' offense.

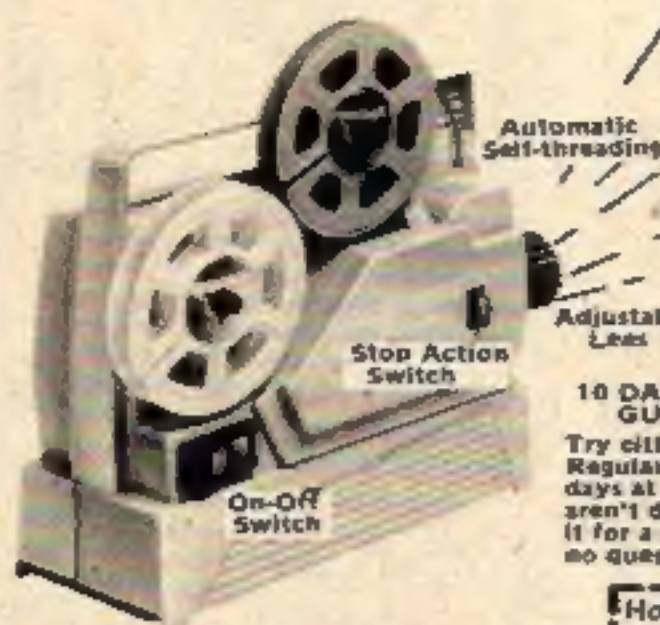
The exquisite nurse—who had made so many patients feel better just by walking in their room—got within leg range. As she did, Jenny's right leg shot up. But this time, Camille was ready for it. She pulled back, and the kick missed her by only an inch or two. Camille quickly sprang forward, grabbing Jenny around the waist. Almost

(Continued on page 64)

Our Best MOVIE PROJECTOR

SHOWS BOTH COLOR
AND BLACK & WHITE FILM

ONLY \$13⁹⁸



10 DAY FREE TRIAL GUARANTEE

Try either the Deluxe or Regular Projector for ten days at our risk. If you aren't delighted, return it for a prompt refund - no questions asked!

Add three dimensional thrills to your viewing. 3-D make flat, ordinary movies seem so lifelike that you'll want to reach out and touch them. Only \$1.25 each pair.

- Luminous, hooded screen at no extra charge.
- Precision ground, adjustable lenses.
- Miracle film self-threader.
- Stop action switch for frame by frame enjoyment.
- Rugged construction for long life.

This deluxe RMM home movie projector has many features that you might expect to find only in projectors costing many times more. It's fully battery operated for complete portability and comes with its own hooded screen to let you see movies even in broad daylight. The built in film threader takes the start of the film and automatically attaches it to the take up reel. Even has a stop action switch to let pinpoint the scenes you especially want to enjoy. This rugged long-lasting projector is only \$13.98 (batteries not included).

Honor House Products Corp. Dept. 5332X58
Lynbrook, New York 11563

Gentlemen: I have read your guarantee and would like you to send me:

- ☐ The deluxe projector. I enclose \$13.98 plus \$1 for postage and handling.
- ☐ The regular projector. I enclose \$8.98 plus \$1 postage and handling.
- ☐ Send the ☐ Deluxe, or ☐ Regular (check your choice) C.O.D. I enclose \$1 deposit and will pay postman the balance plus C.O.D. charges.
- ☐ Send _____ STEREO SPECS at \$1.25 each. (Fill in amount desired).

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
N.Y. Res. add appropriate sales tax

POWERFUL MUSCLES FAST!!

FASTEST MUSCLE BUILDING SYSTEM KNOWN TO MAN!

Muscle Builders will give you the kind of SUPER BODY that gets admiration and respect. You can add 10" of steel-like muscles to your chest, 6" to your arms, and can melt up to 12" from your waist. Your strength will double or even triple!

GAINS OF UP TO 1/2" OF MUSCLE PER DAY!

With our 1/2 INCH A DAY SYSTEM, you can actually gain up to 1/2 inch of muscle per day. Muscle Builders takes the "sleeping" muscles already present in your body — and builds them fast through our secret MUSCLE PUMP techniques. With a minimum of effort, you can have yard-wide shoulders, a rock-hard stomach, huge arms, and powerful legs. Regardless of your age, height, or present build, you can build a fabulous body. If you're underweight, you can add slabs of muscle. If you're overweight, you can replace that fat with rock-hard muscle.

LOWEST PRICED BODYBUILDING SYSTEM AVAILABLE!

Muscle Builders is the lowest priced bodybuilding system available. Muscle Builders costs less than 1/2 as much as similar, yet inferior systems. Yet, Muscle Builders is the best available.

SEND FOR FREE MUSCLE BUILDING INFORMATION TODAY!

You can have the rippling muscles of a physique star. Mail the coupon for our free muscle building information. Please enclose 25¢ to help cover postage & handling costs.

SEE YOUR MUSCLES GROW DAY BY DAY!

MUSCLE BUILDERS Dept. 11872
232 W. Front St., Napoleon, OH 43645

Flush me all that free muscle building information in a plain wrapper so I can build powerful muscles fast. I am enclosing 25¢ to help cover postage & handling costs. I am under no obligation.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



"THIS COULD BE YOU"



BEN STRONG

We have a limited amount of BEN STRONG WRESTLING back issues available. Due to the popular demand for these very special magazines, we must fill orders on a first come, first served basis.

**AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT—
ORDER TODAY!**

WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS!



ORDER NOW

**ONLY
\$1 EACH**

BEN STRONG

- | | |
|---|----------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> SPECIAL JAN 73 | <input type="checkbox"/> JULY 74 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> APR 73 | <input type="checkbox"/> SEPT 74 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> AUG 73 | <input type="checkbox"/> DEC 74 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> NOV 73 | <input type="checkbox"/> FEB 75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JAN 74 | <input type="checkbox"/> JUNE 75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MAR 74 | <input type="checkbox"/> SEPT 75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MAY 74 | |

T.V. SPORTS, INC.

Box 58

Rockville Centre, NY 11571

Rush me the back issues checked. I am enclosing one dollar for each issue. Do not send coins as payment. For fastest service pay with a money order.

PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

The Nurse & The Stewardess

(Continued from Page 63)



Jenny tries to choke the life out of Camille, after dropping her with a powerful kick to the pit of the stomach. After a bitterly contested match, Jenny ended it with a well-placed kick below Camille's supple left breast.

effortlessly she tossed her to the floor.

Jenny struggled to get free, but Camille was just too strong. The nurse hammered away at Jenny's gorgeous face with blows meant to destroy all they landed upon. Jenny protected herself by covering her face with her arms. But soon, her arms began turning red from the pounding they were subjected to, and one could imagine what her face would look like if those same blows were not picked off on her arms.

Suddenly, Jenny went into a backwards somersault. But with her legs back over her head, Jenny stayed that way instead of going all the way over. Several men in the crowd let out deep sighs as Jenny's already tight bikini bottom stretched even tighter over her muscular buttocks. Nobody knew

what she was doing. Not even Camille, who dove after Jenny.

That's what Jenny had hoped Camille would do. Springing forward with the grace and timing of an acrobat, Jenny's powerful legs caught Camille in mid-air, and sent her reeling backwards.

Jenny wasted no time. She sprang to her feet and went after Camille, who was more surprised than hurt. Camille threw a surprise into everyone by scrambling to her feet before Jenny could launch another attack.

Camille took a deep breath and shook her head to rid herself of the effects of Jenny's kick, and as she did, Jenny charged. But with one fluid move, Camille grabbed Jenny's left arm and spun her around. Before Jenny knew what was happening, Camille had a hold of her left arm and left leg, bending

her backwards as if she were a piece of taffy.

"Give up!" demanded Camille.

"Never," moaned Jenny.

As she struggled to get free, her magnificent chest heaved in agony. Pain was written all over her angelic face. Suddenly, Jenny used her right leg to trip Camille, and the two splendid specimens of womanhood fell to the floor.

For close to the next 30 minutes, the two women battered each other. Camille was all over her, pummeling her with murderous blows. But proud Jenny fought back unashamedly for several minutes, much to the crowd's pleasure.

If any girl seriously entertained the thought of losing, that thought was wiped out the longer the brutal match wore on. Each young woman was out for victory.

Eventually, the power in Jenny's legs paid off. Again and again she landed rib-shattering kicks in the supple body of Camille. Finally, as both young women were in a near state of collapse, Jenny's left leg shot up, catching Camille just under the left breast. Camille dropped as if she were shot.

Before Jenny could do another thing, Camille put her right hand in the air and gasped, "No more, no more!"

For Camille, the defeat came as relief. She could now go back to the hospital and work in the same, comfortable manner as she was used to.

But for Jenny, victory left her a worried person. The crowd had seen her in all her splendor, and then some. She was treated the way all champions are treated. She pleaded with them not to bother, but her pleading only added to her charm.

As the push and shove of tuxedoed men left Jenny with almost no room to breath, a shipping magnate raised his glass and made a toast.

"To a great champion. To Jenny. Long may she reign."

"To Jenny!" shouted the men in unison.

As they did so, a tear trickled down her lovely face. ☐

SPECIAL BACK ISSUES

VICTORY SPORTS YEARBOOKS



VICTORY SPORTS ANNUALS



ORDER NOW!

YEARBOOKS

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1972 YEARBOOK # 1 | <input type="checkbox"/> 1975 YEARBOOK #11 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1973 YEARBOOK # 4 | <input type="checkbox"/> 1975 YEARBOOK #12 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1973 YEARBOOK # 5 | <input type="checkbox"/> 1975 YEARBOOK #13 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1974 YEARBOOK # 6 | <input type="checkbox"/> 1975 YEARBOOK #14 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1974 YEARBOOK # 7 | <input type="checkbox"/> 1975 YEARBOOK #15 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1974 YEARBOOK # 8 | <input type="checkbox"/> 1976 YEARBOOK #16 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1974 YEARBOOK # 9 | <input type="checkbox"/> 1976 YEARBOOK #17 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1975 YEARBOOK #10 | |

ANNUALS

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1970 ANNUAL | <input type="checkbox"/> 1975 ANNUAL #11 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1972 ANNUAL # 1 | <input type="checkbox"/> 1975 ANNUAL #12 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1972 ANNUAL # 3 | <input type="checkbox"/> 1975 ANNUAL #13 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1973 ANNUAL # 4 | <input type="checkbox"/> 1975 ANNUAL #14 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1973 ANNUAL # 5 | <input type="checkbox"/> 1976 ANNUAL #15 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1974 ANNUAL # 7 | <input type="checkbox"/> 1976 ANNUAL #16 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1974 ANNUAL # 8 | <input type="checkbox"/> 1976 ANNUAL #17 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1974 ANNUAL # 9 | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1974 ANNUAL #10 | |

DO NOT USE OLD ORDER FORMS
DO NOT ORDER ANY ISSUES NOT LISTED

T.V. SPORTS, INC.
Box 58
Rockville Centre,
NY 11571

ONLY \$1 EACH

Rush me the back issues checked, I am enclosing one dollar for each issue.

DO NOT SEND COINS AS PAYMENT
PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY

YOUR NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____